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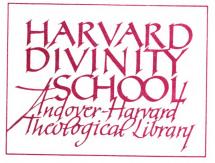
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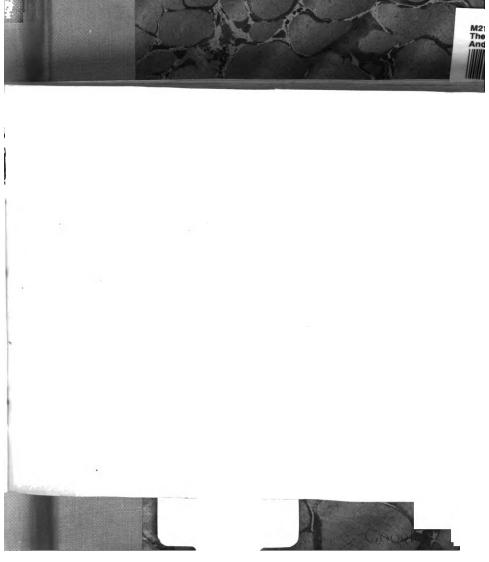
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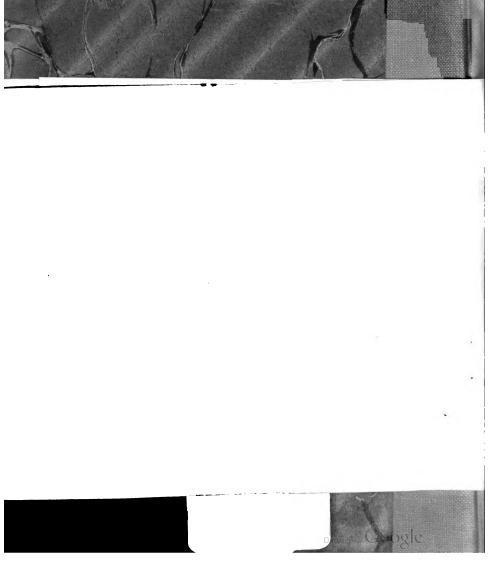


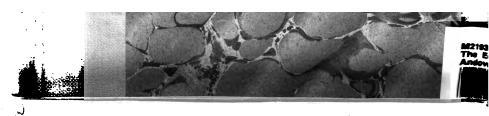


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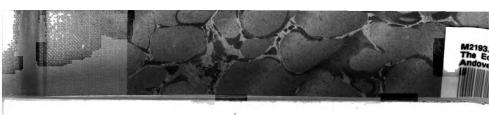
SUNDAY SCHOOLS AND BAND OF HOPE MEETINGS.

BY REV. J. W. DADMUN.

BOSTON:

J. P. MAGEE, 5 CORNHILL; RUSSELL & PATEE, 108 TREMONT STREET. BUFFALO, N.Y., H. H. OTIS; PITTSBURG, J. L. READ.





THE



HYMNS A TUNES

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M 2193

PREFACE.

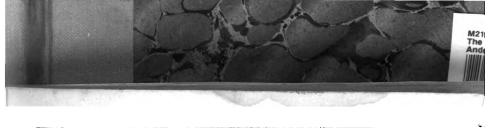
The Eolian Harp has been pronounced by competent judges one of the best Sunday School Music Books, of its size, ever published. A correspondent of one of our periodicals says, "I have just examined the 'Eolian Harp,' a collection of Hymns and Tunes for Sunday School and Band of Hope Meetings, by Rev. J. W. Dadmun author of 'Revival Melodies.' We consider this collection of Sunday School Music, one of the best, if not the very best, we have seen. We say to Pastors and Sunday School Superintendents, send on your orders for this little book, and spread new musical joys by the pathways of youthful hearts."

The favor with which it has been received has induced the author to issue No. 2. The first number contains only 48 pages, while No. 2, contains 96 pages. In this volume both are united, making 144 pages. Here you will find things new and old. The times have suggested some beautiful Patriotic, and Temperance pieces, which will interest all classes. We have endeavored to furnish a sufficient variety for the adult department of the Sunday School, as well as for the children. If we can aid the cause of Sunday Schools by this means we shall feel amply rewarded for the labor.

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CHILDREN.

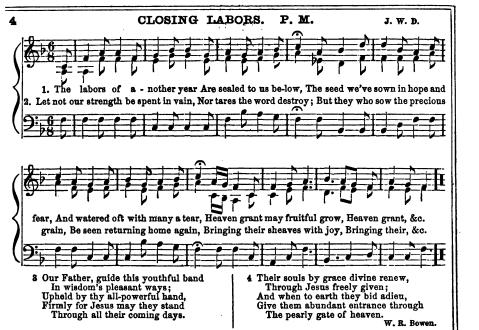
2 On this holy day of gladness We will join in praises meet; Every bosom free from sadness, All with happiness replete. O to feel the love of Jesus! O to know that, from above, Still our heavenly Father sees us With an eve of tender love.

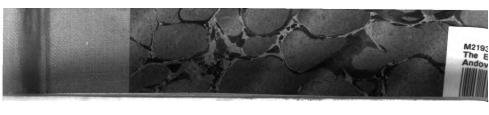
TEACHERS.

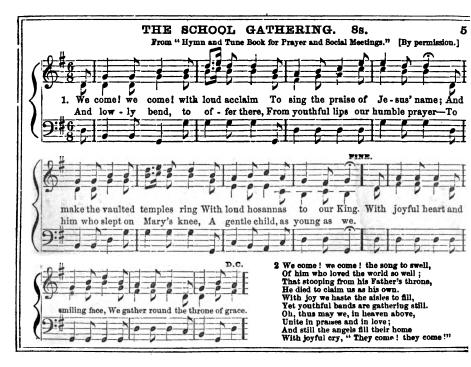
8 Dearest children, now adore him: Swell aloud the joyful strain: Let the nations bow before him-Echo back the notes again. While he will accept the praises, E'en from every heart and tongue, Those to him an infant raises. Still are sweetest of the song.

TEACHERS AND CHILDREN. 4 Praise to thee, O Lord, forever! Gladly now we all unite; Praise to thee, O God! the giver, Blessed Lord of life and light! Ransomed nation, spread the story! Rescued people, ne'er give o'er ! All his grace, and all his glory, O proclaim forever more!

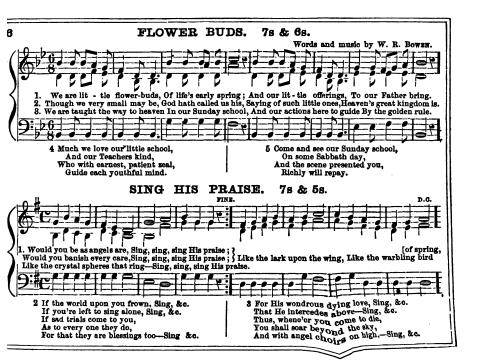


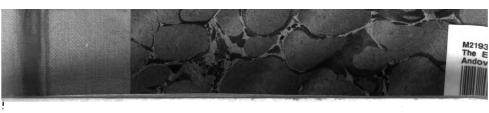


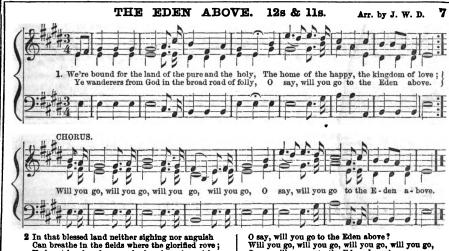












- Ye heart-burdened ones, who in misery languish, O say, will you go to the Eden above? Will you go, will you go, will you go, will you go, O say, will you go to the Eden above?
- 8 Each saint has a mansion prepared and all furnished, Ere from this clay house he is summoned to move; Its gates and its towers with glory are burnished;
- O say, will you go to the Eden above?
- 4 March on, happy pilgrims, that land is before you, And soon its ten thousand delights we shall prove; Yes, soon we shall walk o'er the hills of bright glory, And drink the pure joys of the Eden above. We will go, we will go, we will go, we will go, O yes, we will go to the Eden above.

Rev. W. Hunter.

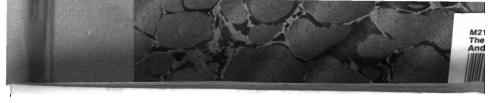




2 God has sent us blessings many
As the sands of ocean shore;
Nor withholden from us any
That would make our pleasures more:
Turned saide the fatal arrow;
Saved us from the hidden snare;
In the pathway straight and narrow,
Kept our feet with watchful care.

8 Though to-day we meet in gladness, Heaven's rich blessings round us spread; Many hearts are bowed with sadness, Mourning for the early dead. Little stars in heaven shining, With the millions of the blest, On the Saviour's breast reclining, They forever are at rest.

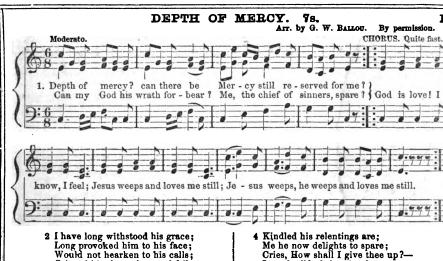
4 Heavenly Father, still protect us,
Through this year as through the past;
In our youth and age direct us,
While our years on earth shall last;
Ne'er thy holy law transgressing,
But through Jesus' precious blood,
Each become, thy love possessing,
Temples of the living God.











- Grieved him by a thousand falls; God is love, &c.
- 8 Now incline me to repent; Let me now my sins lament; Now my foul revolt deplore, Weep, believe, and sin no more; God is love, &c.
- Lets the lifted thunder drop. God is love, &c.
- 5 There for me the Saviour stands; Shows his wounds, and spreads his hands. God is love! I know, I feel; Jesus weeps, and loves me still; God is love, &c.





In this form it was performed to the words "Oh, sing to me of heaven," by the Court Street Sabbath School, Binghampton, N. Y., at the funeral of Miss Juliaette Clark, daughter of Rev. H. R. Clark; and also at the funeral of Miss E. S. Mattison, daughter of the compiler of Sacred Melodies, June 22d, 1854.

M2 The

"OH, SING TO ME OF HEAVEN," Concluded.

18 No Sorrow there. S. M.

- 1 Oh, sing to me of heaven, When I am called to die, Sing songs of holy ecstasy, To waft my soul on high.
- 2 When cold and sluggish drops Roll off my marble brow, Break forth in songs of joyfulness, Let heaven begin below.
- 3 When the last moments come, Oh, watch my dying face, To catch the bright seraphic gleam Which o'er my features plays.
- 4 Then to my raptured ear, Let one sweet song be given; Let music charm me last on earth, And greet me first in heaven.
- 5 Then close my sightless eyes, And lay me down to rest, And fold my pale and icy hands Upon my lifeless breast.
- 6 Then round my senseless clay
 Assemble those I love,
 And sing of heaven, delightful heaven,
 My glorious home above.

 [Mrs. Dans.]

14 Invitation to Christ. S. M.

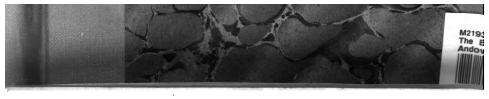
Come, children, come to God;
 Cast all your sins away;
 Seek ye the Saviour's cleansing blood;
 Repent, believe, obey.

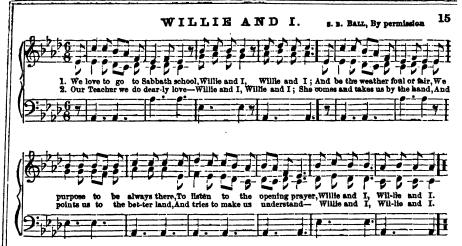
Chorus. I'm glad salvation's free—
I'm glad salvation's free—
Salvation's free for you and me,
I'm glad salvation's free.

- 2 Say not ye cannot come;
 For Jesus bled and died,
 That none who ask in humble faith
 Should ever be denied.
 I'm glad, &c.
- \$ Say not ye will not come, When God vouchsafes to call; For fearful will their end be found On whom his wrath shall fall. I'm glad, &c.
- 4 Come, then, whoever will;
 Come while 'tis called to-day;
 Seek ye the Saviour's cleansing blood:
 Repent, believe, obey.
 I'm glad, &c.



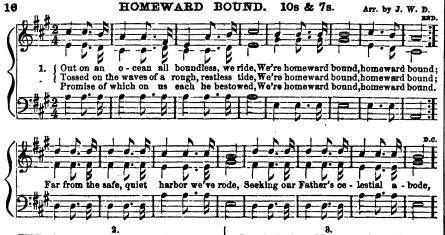






- 3 Our father—mother too, we love—
 Willie and I, Willie and I;
 While many boys and girls there, are
 Whose parents for them do not care,
 We of the good things richly share—
 Willie and I, Willie and I.
- 4 We ought to love the Saviour most—
 Willie and I, Willie and I;
 For if we love and serve him best,
 In his own bosom we shall rest,
 And be in heaven forever bleat—
 Willie and I, Willie and I.





Wildly the storm sweeps us on as it roars,
We're homeward bound, homeward bound;
Look! yonder lie the bright heavenly shores,
We're homeward bound, homeward bound;
Steady! O pilot! stand firm at the wheel!
Steady! we soon shall out-weather the gale;
O, how we fly 'neath the loud-ereaking sail!
We're homeward bound, homeward bound.

Into the harbor of heaven now we glide,
We're home at last, home at last;
Softly we drift on the bright silver tide,
We're home at last, home at last;
Glory to God! all our dangers are o'er;
We stand secure on the glorified shore;
Glory to God, we will shout evermore,
We're home at last, home at last.

Rev. W. F. Warren.

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HYMNS FOR "HOMEWARD BOUND."

18 Stay, Brother, Stay.

Stay, brother. stay! whither going so fast?
Danger is there! danger's there!
Ruin, which rides on the merciless blast,
Sweeps not so bare, not so bare.
Poison they give, which corrupts and degrades,
Pitfalls and snares for the drunkard are laid,
Death and destruction to life is their trade,
O, then beware! O, beware!

2. [homes; Thousands you've heard of with once happy Where are they now? are they now? Millions you've heard of who rushed to the tombs:

Weep, thinking how, thinking how.
Think of the fathers the foe has beguiled,
Think of the heart-broken mother and child,
Think of the homes made distracted and wild;
Then take the vow, take the vow.

Touch not the cup then, as long as you live;
Safety is there! give
Pleasures you sigh for, sweet Temperance can
Make her your care, her your care.
Come to her pledge, and enrolling your name,
Hail it the passport from ruin and shame,
To happiness, pure friendship, and fame,
Come, brother dear, brother dear.

19 Heavenward Bound.

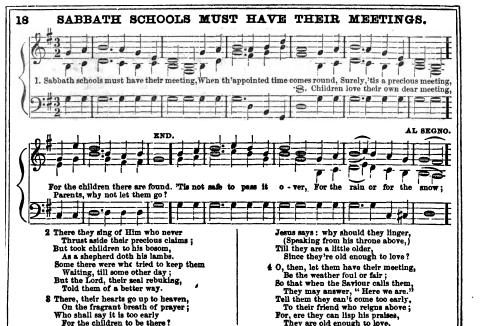
In life's bright morning the tempest we brave, We're heavenward bound, heavenward bound Out on the dark and the storm broken wave, We're heavenward bound, heavenward bound. Earth's bright attractions grow dim in the light, The far distant city reveals to our sight, Toward which we're urging our unceasing flight, We're heavenward bound, heavenward bound.

2.
Tossed though we be an adark restless tide,
We're heavenward bound, heavenward bound
The old ship of Zion will dangers outride,
We're heavenward bound, heavenward bound
The voice of our Captain dispelleth our fear;
Hear him proclaiming, "An hundred fold here,"
With life eternal, when he shall appear,
To all heavenward bound, heavenward bound.

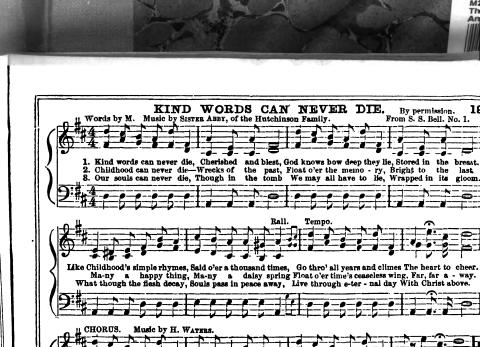
8.
Now to the youthful the voyage we commend,
Come, with us go, with us go;
Welcome! a welcome to all we extend,
Say, will you go, will you go?
Swiftly, O swiftly we'll fly to the ark!
Our ship now is passing,—make haste to embark!
The night hastens quickly, all dreary and dark,
Haste! let us go, let us go!

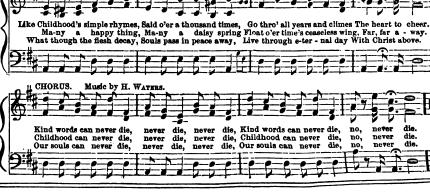
Rev. E. Mason.





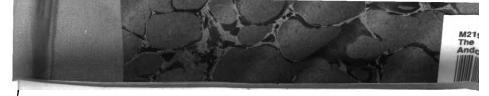
They are old enough to love.

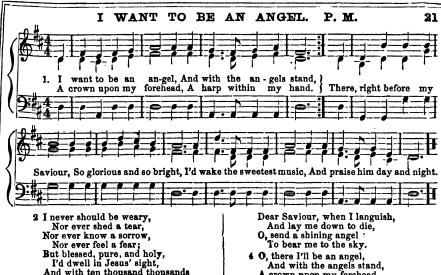










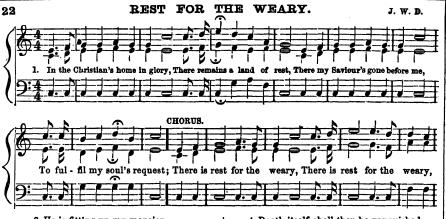


And with ten thousand thousands Praise him both day and night. 3 I know I'm weak and sinful.

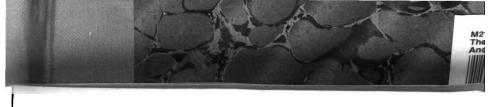
But Jesus will forgive; For many little children Have gone to heaven to live.

A crown upon my forehead, A harp within my hand; And there before my Saviour, So glorious and so bright, I'll join the heavenly music, And praise him day and night.





- 2 He is fitting up my mansion, Which eternally shall stand, For my stay shall not be transient In that holy, happy land. There is rest, &c.
- 8 Pain nor sickness ne'er shall enter, Grief nor woe my lot shall share; But in that celestial centre, I a crown of life shall wear. There is rest. &c.
- 4 Death itself shall then be vanquished, And his sting shall be withdrawn; Shout for gladness, O ye ransomed, Hail with joy the rising morn. There is rest, &c.
- 5 Sing, O sing, ye heirs of glory: Shout your triumph as you go; Zion's gates will open for you, You shall find an entrance through. There is rest, &c.





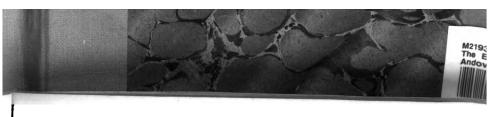
Cheered by no reviving ray,
Brightly temperance arising,
Brings a bright and glorious day
Chorus. There is hope for the fallen,

2 Thousands, long in bondage groaning, Hail the bright and glorious light; 8 May the heart-reviving story, Win and conquer—never cease— May the ranks of temperance ever Multiply and still increase.

4 Now the trump of temperance sounding, Rouse! ye freemen! why delay? Let your voices, all resounding, Welcome on the happy day.











26
1. Call the cl

CALL THE CHILDREN EARLY,

HENRY TUCKER.



While the dew is on the flowers,
2. Call the children early, father, While the dew is on; Great the work that must be done Before the morning's gone.

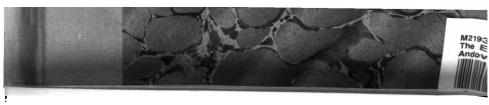
2 (all the children early, at her, while the dewis on; Great the work that must be done Before the morning's gons



Off repeat the waking word, Till they rise to praise the Lord, Off repeat the waking word, Till they rise, &c. Call them round the altar bright, On which burns devotion's light, Calls them round the altar bright, On which, &c.



8 Call the children early, teacher, To their wond'ring eyes, Ev'ry Sabbath day, set forth The pearl of richest price. Call them early to the Lord, Thou shalt reap a rich reward. Call them &c. 4 Call the children early, shepherd, Give the lambs thy care; See that they are folded safe Within the house of prayer. Call them at the dawn of day, Lead them in the narrow way. Call them, &c.





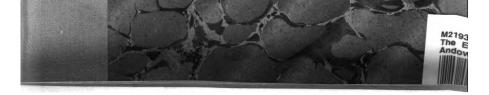




2 There is a place where the angels dwell, A pure and a peaceful abode; The joys of that place no tongue can tell, But there is the palace of God.

5 There is a place where my friends are gone, Who suffered and worshipped with me; Exalted with Christ high on his throne, The King in his beauty they see.

4 There is a place where I hope to live,
When life and its labors are o'er;
A place which the Lord to me will give,
And then I shall sorrow no more.
Rev. W. Hunter.







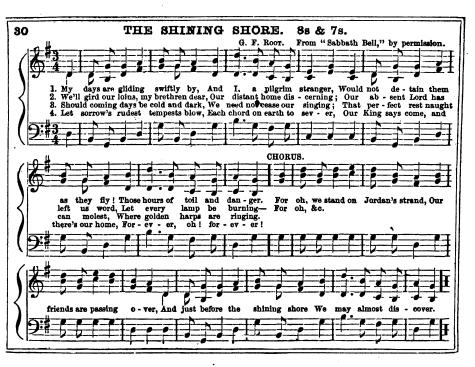
Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed | be thy | name; | Thy kingdom come, thy will be done on | earth...as it | is in | heaven.

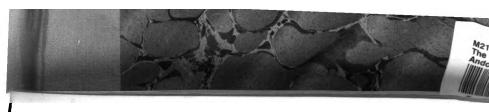
Give us this day our | daily | bread; | And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive | those that | trespass...a- | gainst us.

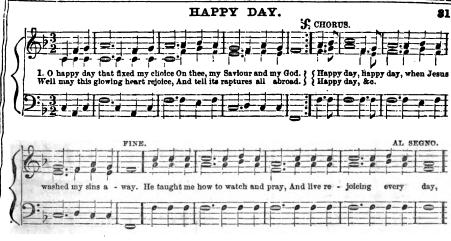
And lead us not into temptation, but deliver | us from | evil; | For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the | glory,..for- | ever,..A- | men.

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- 2 O happy bond, that seals my vows To Him who merits all my love; Let cheerful anthems fill his house, While to that sacred shrine I move.
- 3 'Tis done—the great transaction's done; I am my Lord's, and he is mine; He drew me, and I followed on, Charmed to confess the voice divine.
- 4 Now rest, my long-divided heart; Fixed on this blissful centre, rest; Nor ever from thy Lord depart: With him of every good possessed.
- 5 High Heaven, that heard the solemn vow, That vow renewed shall daily hear, Till in life's latest hour I bow, And bless in death a bond so dear.





Till autumn's plaintive moan is heard From summer's leafy shore.

Lets Lyndon.

Whose fragrance filled my youthful breast

In earlier, happier hours.



OH COME, LET US SIGN.

36 Tuns-"Oh come, come away."

Oh come, let us sign,
The pledge will make us stronger,
Bind great and small each one to all,—
Oh come, let us sign;
We'll lift our banner towards the sky,
And rally round our standard high,
And nobly "do or die,"
Oh come, let us sign.

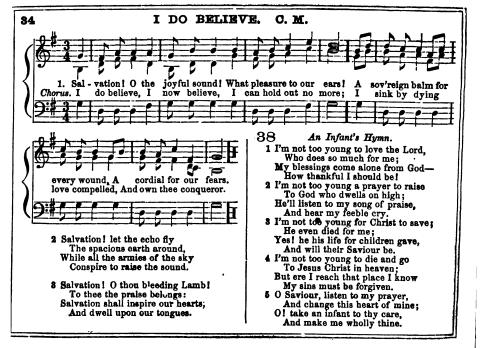
Oh come, let us haste,
The pledge will make us better,
One duty done is good begun,—
Oh come, let us haste;

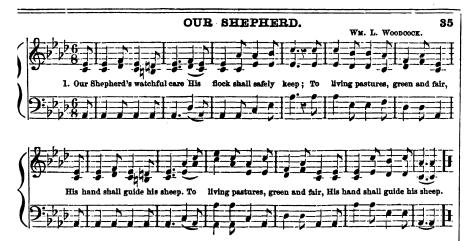
'Tis good to labor heart and hand With those who toil to bless the land, The great teetotal band,— Oh come, let us haste.

Oh come, let us sign,
The pledge will make us happy,
Nor will it bring at length a sting,
Oh come, let us sign;
And rear our Temperance standard high,
And rally around it till we die,
And bear it loftily.
Oh come, let us sign.

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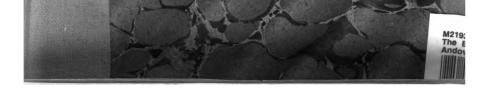
- 2 His gentle voice they know; They follow where he leads, Through vales where life's bright waters flow, And over verdant meads.
- 8 But vie earth's rude alarms, And sin's alluring snares; Safe folded in His loving arms The tender lambs he bears.

- 4 He keeps them by His side;
 Their souls to Him are dear;
 He is their Father, Friend, and Guide,
 While they are wandering here.
- 5 And when life's day is o'er,
 And rest and peace are given,
 Bright angels on death's farther shore
 Shall welcome them to Heaven.
 Miss N. A. Priest.



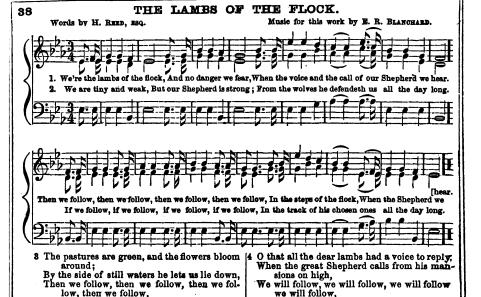


- 2 The Saviour, whom they loved below, Hath kindly wiped their tears away; No sin, no sorrow there they know, But bask in one eternal day. I'm going home, &c.
- 3 Now to their golden harps they sing, While tens of thousands join the songs,
- Hosanna to th' immortal King,
 To whom immortal praise belongs!
 I'm going home, &c.
- 4 Most gracious Lord! O may we be All brought with them in bliss to join: Thy sacred countenance to see, And sing thy merc's all divine! I'm going home &c.







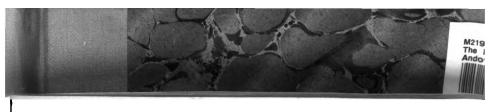


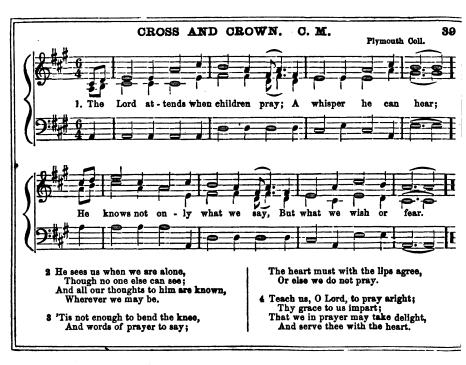
We will follow the Lamb to his fold in the

skies.

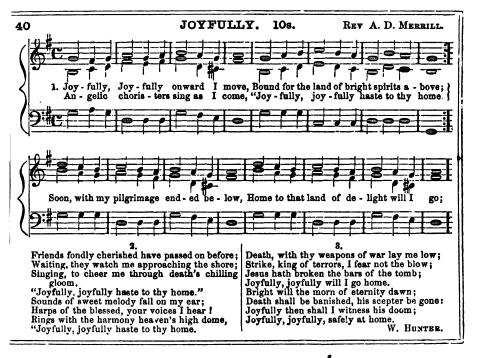
Then we follow his call, when the flowers

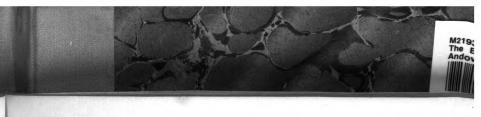
bloom around.





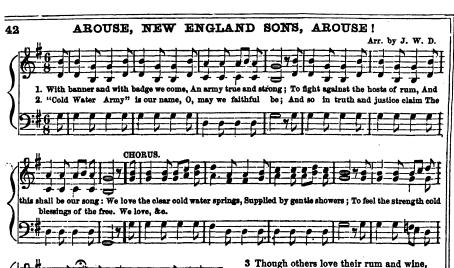












water brings. The vic - to - rv



And drink till they are mad; To water we will still incline, To make us strong and glad.

4 I pledge to thee this hand of mine, In faith and friendship strong; And, fellow soldiers, we will join The chorus of our song, 47 Song of Freedom. C. M.

 Arouse! New England sons, arouse! Wake from your coward sleep! The tyrants hand is on your neck, And shall his fetters keep,

2 In bondage! Men whom freedom nursed In her own chosen home! Where patriots' blood was freely poured In holy martyrdom?

8 Arouse! New England sons, arouse!
A clinging curse on thee,
If here supinely ye will sleep,
Dreaming that ye are free.

4 Arouse, and see how false the name
Which ye so fondly claim?
Free are ye, while ye bear about
The tyrant's galling chain?

5 Free, while the halls ye rear are burned!
Free, while your sons are driven
By slavery's mobs, because they dare
To speak for truth and heaven!

6 Free, while the very homes you've made Beside your fathers' graves Are pillaged, if ye dare to aid The panting, flying slave!

7 Arouse! New England sons, arouse! And lay oppression low; And strike for freedom and for God

An earnest, manly blow.

8 Nail up your banner to the walls!

8 Nail up your banner to the walls!
In God's name let it wave,

Until beneath its ample folds
Shall crouch no wretched slave.
Whittier.

48 Oh! Water, bright Water.

Tunn—"Lily Dale."

1 Some love to drink from the foamy brink,

Where the wine drop's dance they see; But the water bright, in its silver light, And a crystal cup for me.

O, water, bright water! pure, precious, free; Yes, 'tis water bright, in its silver light, And a crystal cup for me.

2 O, a goodly thing is the cooling spring, 'Mong the rocks where the moss doth grow; There's health in the tide, and there's music be-In the brooklet's bounding flow. [side, O, water, &c.

3 As pure as Heaven is the water given; 'Tis forever fresh and new; Distilled in the sky, it comes from on high,

In the shower and the gentle dew.
O, water, &c.

4 Let them say 'tis weak, yet its strength I'll
For the worn rock owns its sway; [seek
And we're borne swift along by its wings so
When it rises to fly away. [strong

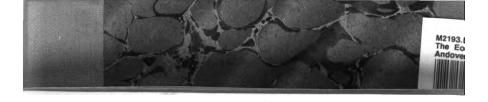
O, water, &c.

5 There is strength in the glee of the mighty sea,
When the loud, stormy wind doth blow;
And a fearful sight is the cataract's might,
As it leaps to the depths below.

O, water, &c.







TEMPERANCE HYMNS.

Come to the Fount.

50

Tune_"Come, come, come."

Come, come, come, to the fount clear and sweet,
Gliding gently at our feet,
Soft and bright, ripples meet,
Mark the crystal spray;
Here the weary traveller rests,
When the sun sinks in the west,
Fair green couch, water blest,
Nature bright and gay.

2.

Hark! hark! hark! no, a sound greets our ears;

'Tis the word, "to arms," we hear,

Watchman bold, never fear!

Hail this glorious morn.

Weeping mother, see your child,
Once for guilt and crime reviled,
Yours again reconciled,
Newly, newly born.

On! on! on! to the strife, firmly go;
Watchman on, and strike the blow;
God our shield, face the foe,
Victory is our's.
Plant the laurel and the rose,
Where the sparkling fountain flows,
Bending vines, fragrant boughs,
Deck our peaceful bowers.

Crystal Fount.

51

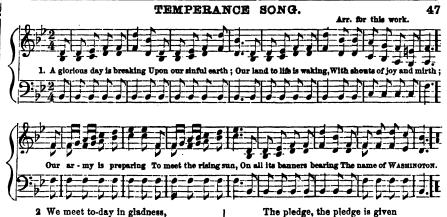
TUNE—"America."

Let the still ar rejoice, Be every youthful voice Blended in one, While we renew our strain, To Him with joy again, Who sends the evening rain And morning sun.

His hand in beauty gives
Each flower and plant that lives,
Each sunny rill;
Springs which our footsteps meet,
Fountains! our lips to greet,
Waters! whose taste is sweet,
On rock and hill.

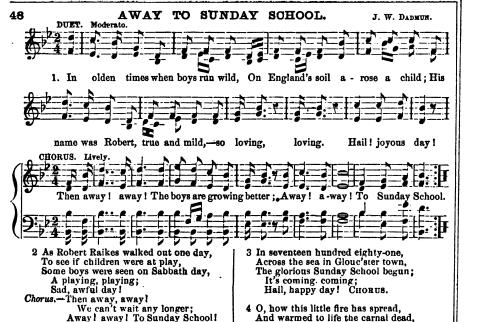
So let each thoughtful child Drink of this fountain mild, From early youth; Then shall the song we raise Be heard in future days, Ours be the pleasant ways Of peace and truth.





- As moves our host along;
 No note of painful sadness
 Is mingled with our song.
 This day, renowned in story,—
 The day of Freedom's birth,—
 We hail in all its glory;
 We highly prize its worth.
- 3 The temperance flag is waving, O'er valley, hill, and plain, Where ocean's sons are braving The dangers of the main

- The pledge, the pledge is given
 To float on every breeze;
 Wast it, propitious Heaven!
 O'er all the earth and seas.
- 4 Our cause, our cause is gaining
 New laurels every day;
 The youthful mind we're training
 To walk in virtue's way;
 Old age, and sturdy manhood,
 Are with us heart and hand;
 Then let us, all united,
 In one firm phalanx stand.



- 5 Come, parents, teachers, one and all; And never think the work too small; But listen to the heavenly call For workers, workers; Hail, welcome day! Cno.
- 6 When storms are past, and work is o'er, And Sunday Schools shall be no more, We'll gather on the golden shore, Singing glory, glory; O, happy day! Cho.
- 7 Then what a glorious sight 't will be,
 To see the millions of the free
 All happy in eternity,—
 So welcome, welcome!
 Hail, glorious day!
 Then away! away!
 We'll swell the chorus stronger;
 Amen! amen! All welcome home.

112 Patriotic.

 When Sumter's flag went down in gore, Her loyal thunders heard no more, New England boys to Baltimore Were coming, coming. Hail, hallowed day!

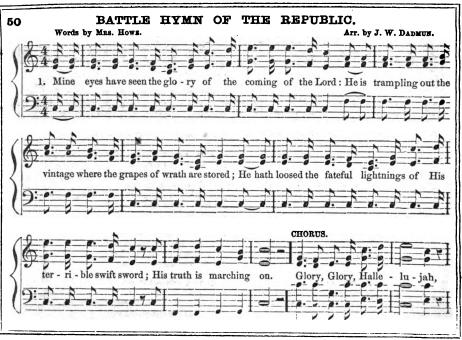
Cherus.—Then away, away!

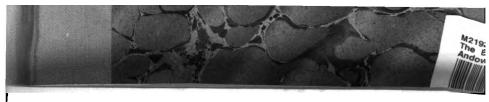
They can't wait any longer;

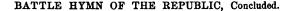
Hooray! hooray! They're marching on.

- 2 When storm and tempest o'er them broke; When gallant BURNSIDE bravely spoke; New England boys for Roanoke Were coming, coming. Hail, glorious day! CHORUS.
- By broad Potomac's flowing stream A handred thousand bayonets gleam; Our gallant boys to "start that team" Are coming, coming. Hail, welcome day! Cno.
- 4 The Western boys are true as steel, While pressing on to fort and field; And rebels, taking to their heels, Are flying, flying, Hall, glorious day!
- 5 Have ye not heard of that gallant crew, Led on by FOOTE, so good and true, While Donelson and Henry too Have fallen, fallen. Hail, glorious day! Cho.









51



- 2 I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps;
 They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and damps;
 I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps:
 His day is marching ou.
- 3 I have read a fiery gospel writ in burnished rows of steel:

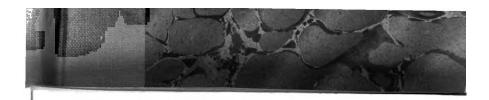
 "As ye deal with my contemners, so with you my grace shall deal;

 Let the Hero born of woman, crush the serpent with his heel,

 Since God is marching on."
- 4 He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat; He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment seat: Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer Him! be jubilant, my feet! Our God is marching on.
- 5 In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
 With a glory in his bosom that transfigures you and me:
 As he died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
 While God is marching on.

Atlantic Monthly.





SELECTED :

HYMNS. Tune—"Beautiful Star."

56 Star of Bethlehem.

Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks,
From every host, from every gem;
But one alone the Saviour speaks,
It is the Star of Bethlehem.

3.

Once on the raging seas I rode,
The storm was loud—the night was dark;
The ocean yawned—and rudely blowed
The wind that tossed my foundering bark.

4.

Deep horror then my vitals froze;
Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem;
When suddenly a star arose;
It was the Star of Bethlehem.

5.

It was my guide, my light, my all;
It bade my dark forebodings cease;
And through the storm and danger's thrall,
It led me to the port of peace.

6

Now safely moored—my peril o'er, I'll sing, first in night's diadem, For ever and for ever more, The Star—the Star of Bethlehem! 57 "All hail the glorious Stars and St: Words that fell from the dying lips of one of t Sixth, who was massacred in the streets of B:

1 When home returning from the fight
They wend their way, with noble sca
They'll point to wounds by traitorou
Which fought against the Stripes and

Chorus. Beautiful stars! beautiful stars Stars of the Union, beautiful, beautifu

2 But noble wounds will be forgot
As each his blood-stained sabre wipes
And thinks how rose that dying voice
"All hail the glorious Stars and Strij

3 "All hail the Stars and Stripes!" Th Are graven now, on every heart, A Nation's watchword—Freedom's s Of every future act a part.

4 "All hail the glorious Stars and Strij The echo leaps from hill to hill! We first drew breath beneath its fold We'll live and die beneath it still!

5 "All hail the Stars and Stripes!" the From forest home to ocean shore! Ten thousand times ten thousand ha: Are raised to free that flag once mor

6 To each proud heart new hope is sen To each strong arm new strength is And raised aloft from every home, The Stars and Stripes float nearer h





SELECTED HYMNS.

58 2 "Fear not, I am with thee; oh, be not dismayed;
For I am thy God, I will still give thee aid:
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand."
Hallelujah! hallelujah! Amen;
"Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand."

3 "When through the deep waters I call thee to go, The rivers of sorrow shall not overflow; For I will be with thee thy troubles to bless, And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress."

Chorus. Hallelujah! hallelujah! Amen; And sanctify to, &c.

4 "The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
I will not, I will not desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never — no, never — no, never forsake!"
Chorus. Hallelujah! hallelujah! Amen; I'll never, &c.

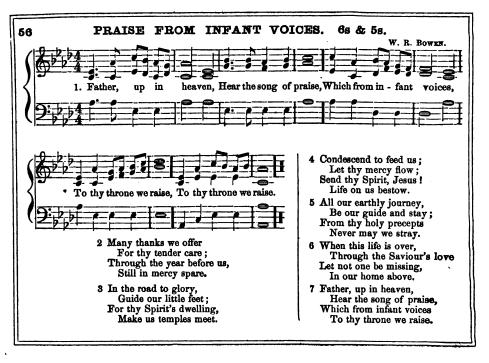
59 Our Festal Day. 68 & 48. Tune-AMERICA.

1 Again with cheerful song, The festive board we throng, From hill and plain. On this our festal day, Drive every care away; To joy and mirth give sway— Let pleasure reign.

2 With hearty cheer we greet Each friendly face we meet, And welcomes shower. Each friendly hand we shake. Each heart the joy partake, Bid every power awake To hail this hour.

3 Amid our mirth, be not
The hand that gave, forgot,—
Heaven's mighty King.
To Him, in grateful praise,
Hands, hearts, and voices raise,
With humble, thankful lays,
Your tribute bring.
W. R. Bowen.







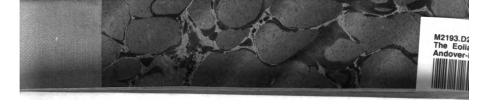




3 He who reigns above the sky
Once became as poor as I;
He whose blood for me was shed,
Had not where to lay his head.

4 Though I labor here awhile, He will bless me with his smile; And when this short life is past, I shall rest with Him at last. 2 Fill my youthful heart with grace, Make it thy beloved abode; Show thy reconciling face, O my Father and my God!

3 May I early learn thy ways, Early know thy power and love; Then devote to thee my days, Till I am removed above.



SELECTED HYMNS. Tune, "Nashville."

65 Welcome, Day of Rest. 78.

Welcome, welcome, day of rest,
 To the world in kindness given;
 Welcome to this humble breast,
 As the beaming light from heaven.

- 2 Day of soft and sweet repose, Gently now thy moments run, As the peaceful streamlet flows, Radiant with a summer's sun.
- 3 Day of tidings from the skies,
 Day of solema praise and prayer,
 Day to make the simple wise,
 O how great thy blessings are!
- 4 Welcome, welcome, day of rest, With thy influence all divine; May thy hallowed hours be blest To this feeble heart of mine.

66 The Precious Bible. 78.

- 1 Holy Bible! book divine! Precious treasure! thou art mine! Mine, to tell me whence I came; Mine, to teach me what I am;—
- 2 Mine, to chide me when I rove; Mine, to show a Saviour's love; Mine art thou to guide my feet; Mine, to judge, condemn, acquit;—

3 Mine, to comfort in distress, If the Holy Spirit bless; Mine, to show by living faith Man can triumph over death;—

4 Mine, to tell of joys to come, And the rebel sinner's doom; O, thou precious book divine! Precious treasure! thou art mine!

67 Saviour, protect us. 7s.

- 1 For a season called to part,

 Let us now ourselves commend
 To the gracious eye and heart
 Of our ever-present Friend.
- 2 Jesus, hear our humble prayer, Tender Shepherd of thy sheep; Let thy mercy and thy care, All our souls in safety keep.
- 3 What we each have now been taught, Let our memories retain: May we, if we live, be brought Here to meet in peace again.
- 4 Then, if thou instruction bless, Songs of praises shall be given: We'll our thankfulness express, Here on earth and when in heaven.





SELECTED HYMNS.

68 Faithful Sentinel. 118.

2 The stranger's eye wept, that in life's brightest bloom, One gifted so highly should sink to the tomb; For in arder he led in the van of the host. And he fell like a soldier, he died at his post.

- 3 He wept not himself that his warfare was done: The battle was fought, and the victory won: But he whispered of those whom his heart loved the most, "Tell my brethren for me, that I died at my post."*
- 4 Victorious his fall—for he rose as he fell, With Jesus, his Master, in glory to dwell; He has passed o'er the sea, he has reached the bright coast, For he fell like a martyr—he died at his post. REV. W. HUNTER.

. Dying words of the Rev. Thomas Drummond.

69

- 1 O Lord of Hosts! Almighty King! Behold the sacrifice we bring! To every arm thy strength impart. Thy spirit shed through every heart!
- 2 Wake in our breasts the living fires. The holy faith that warmed our sires; Thy hand hath made our Nation free: To die for her is serving Thee.
- 3 Be Thou a pillared flame to show The midnight snare, the silent foe:

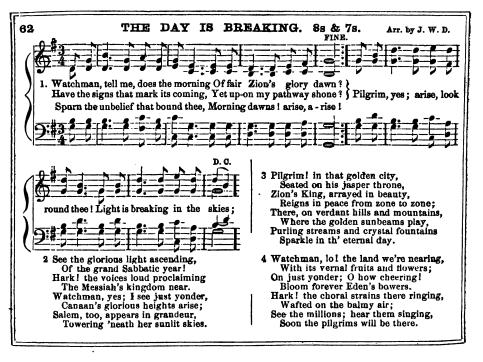
Army Hymn. Tune, "Old Hundred."

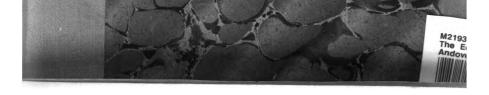
And when the battle thunders loud. Still guide us in its moving cloud.

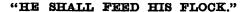
- 4 God of all Nations! Sovereign Lord! In thy dread name we draw the sword: We lift the starry flag on high, That fills with light our stormy sky.
- 5 From treason's rent, from murder's stain. Guard Thou its folds till Peace shell reign-Till fort and field, till shore and sea Join our loud anthem, PRAISE TO THEE! Oliver Wendell Holmes.

61



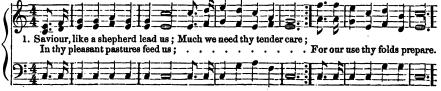




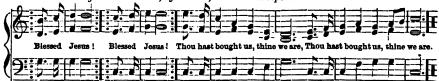


63

Dr. E. R. Blanchard.



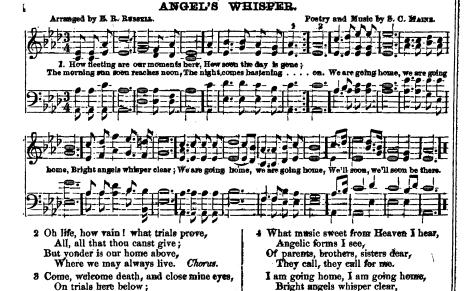
1st Division sing "Blessed Jesus," first time, 2d Division repeat.



- 2 Thou hast promised to receive us,
 Poor and sinful though we be;
 Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
 Grace to cleanse, and power to save.
 Blessed Jesus!
 Let us early turn to thee.
- 3 Early let us seek thy favor;
 Early let us learn thy will;
 Do thou, Lord, our only Saviour,
 With thy love our bosoms fill.
 Blessed Jesus!
 Thou hust loved us.—love us still!

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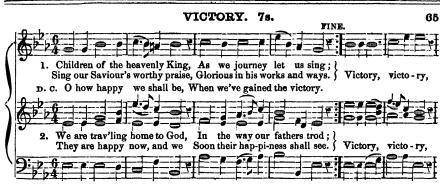


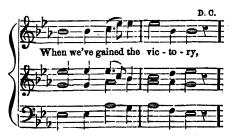
Gladly I'd yield all earthly ties

For Heaven, to which I go. Chorus.

I am going home, I am going home,

I'll soon, I'll soon be there.





- 3 O, ye banished seed, be glad; Christ our Advocate is made: Us to save, our flesh assumes, Brother to our souls becomes.
- 4 Fear not, brethren; joyful stand On the borders of our land; Jesus Christ, our Father's Son, Bids us undismayed go on.
- 5 Lord, obediently we'll go, Gladly leaving all below; Only thou our Leader be, And we still will follow thee.

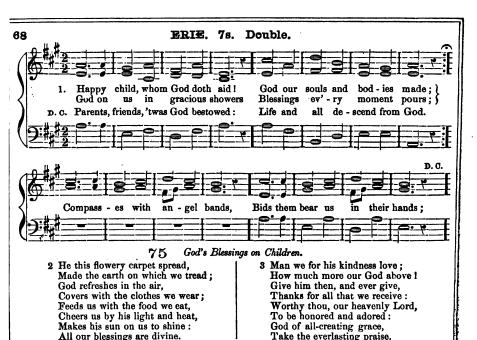


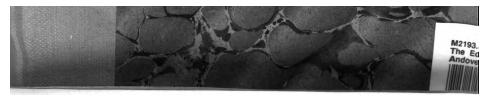


- I remember my joy when I held to my breast,

 The form of that dear one, and soothed it to rest;
 For the tones of my child whispered soft to my ear,
 I called you, dear father, and I knew you would hear. Cho.
- 4 That voice is now hushed, which then guided my way;
 The form I then pressed is now mingling with elay;
 But the tones of my child still sound in my ear,
 I'm calling you, father; O, can you not hear?
 Come this way, my father; steer straight for me,
 For on a bright shore I am waiting for thee.
- 5 I remember that voice in many a lone hour; It speaks to my heart with fresh beauty and power; And still echoes far out over life's troubled waves, And sounds from the loved lips that lie silent in the graves. Come this way, my father; steer straight for me! Here, safely in heaven, I am waiting for thee.
- * During a short visit to the sea shore a few years since, with a party of friends, it was proposed one bright afternoon to go down the harbor on a fishing excursion. We accordingly started, and after sailing about three miles, a young lady of the company declined going farther, and requested us to land her on one of the islands in the harbor, where she proposed to stay until our return. My little boy, then about four years old, preferred remaining with her. We left them, and proceeded some six miles farther. We remained out much longer than we intended, and as night approached a thick fog set in from the sea, entirely enshrouding us. Without compass, and not knowing the right direction to steer, we groped our way along for some time, until finally we distinguished the breaking of the surf on one of the islands, but were at a loss to know which one of them. I stood up in the stern of the boat, and shouted with all my strength. I listened a moment, and heard above the breaking of the surf, the sweet voice of my boy, calling, "Come this way, father! steer straight for me-I'm here waiting for you." We steered by that sound, and soon my little boy leaped into my arms, saying, "I knew you would hear me, father," and nestled to sleep on my bosom. The child and the maiden both died in two short weeks after the period I refer to. Now tossed on the rough sea of life without compass or guide, enveloped in the fog, and surrounded by rocks, I seem to hear the sound of that cherub voice calling from the bright shore, "Come this way, father, -steer straight for me!" When oppressed with sadness, and standing on one little mound in our quiet cemetery, the same musical voice comes from thence,—"Come this way, father! I'm waiting for thee!" [WATERVILLE MAIL.







SELECTED HYMNS. Tune, "Erie."

76 For Divine Guidance. 7s.

- I Grant us, Lord, thy heavenly light, All our steps to guide aright; Shine along the narrow road Which shall lead our souls to God. We are weak and prone to stray—Keep us in thy holy way; All our wants let grace supply; Lead us onward to the sky.
- 2 Thus protected, may we go Safely through this vale of woe; May thy gracious presence cheer Us in all our trials here.
 Loving all thy statutes, Lord, Ever trusting in thy Word, May we reach that happy home Where no ill can ever come.
- 77 Life and Immortality brought to light. 78.
 - 1 Day of God! thou blessed day,
 At thy dawn the grave gave way
 To the power of Him within,
 Who had, sinless, bled for sin.
 Thine the radiance to illume
 First, for man, the dismal tomb,
 When its bars their weakness owned,
 There revealing death dethroned.

2 Then the Sun of righteousness Rose, a darkened world to bless, Bringing up from mortal night Immortality and light.
Day of glory, day of power, Sacred be thine every hour; Emblem, earnest, of the rest That remaineth for the blest.

78 Mary's Offering. 7s.

- 1 Mary, to the Saviour's tomb,
 Hasted at the early dawn;
 Spice she brought, and sweet perfume,
 But the Lord she loved had gone.
 For awhile she lingering stood,
 Filled with sorrow and surprise;
 Trembling, while a crystal flood
 Issued from her weeping eyes.
- 2 But her sorrows quickly fled,
 When she heard his welcome voice;
 Christ had risen from the dead;
 Now he bids her heart rejoice:
 What a change his word can make,
 Turning darkness into day!
 Ye who weep for Jesus' sake,
 He will wipe your tears away.

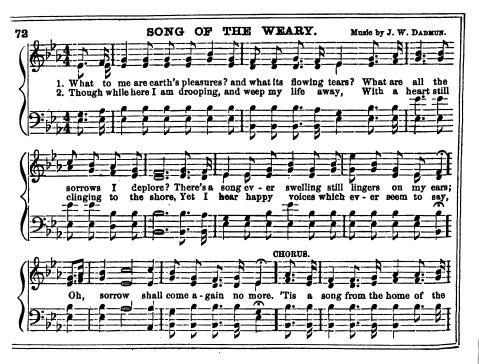


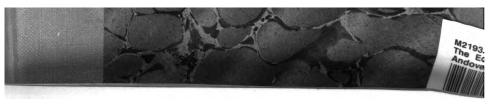


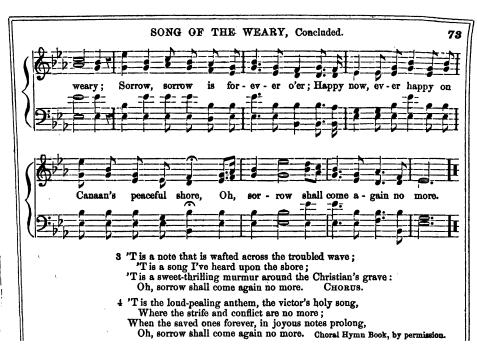


- 2 Come to that happy land,
 Come, come away;
 Why will ye doubting stand,
 Why still delay?
 O, we shall happy be,
 When, from sin and sorrow free,
 Lord, we shall live with thee,
 Blest, blest for aye.
- 3 Bright, in that happy land,
 Beams every eye;
 Kept by a Father's hand,
 Love cannot die.
 O, then to glory run,
 Be a crown and kingdom won;
 And bright, above the sun,
 We reign for aye.

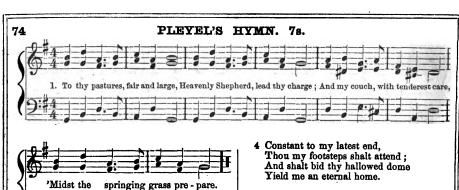






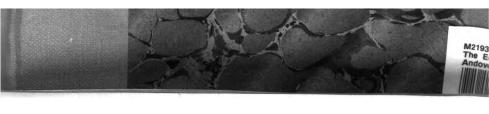






- 82 Heavenly Shepherd.
- 2 When I faint with summer's heat, Thou shalt guide my weary feet, To the streams, that, still and slow, Through the verdant meadows flow.
- 3 Safe the dreary vale I tread, By the shades of death o'erspread; With thy rod and staff supplied, This my guard, and that my guide.

- 83 Tribute of praise at parting. 78.
 - 1 Christians, brethren, ere we part, Every voice and every heart Join, and to our Father raise, One last hymn of grateful praise.
 - 2 Though we here should meet no more, Yet there is a brighter shore; There, released from toil and pain, There we all may meet again.
 - 3 Now to thee, thou God of heaven, Be eternal glory given: Grateful for thy love divine, May our hearts be ever thine.





With Jesus and angels, my kindred so dear.

song,

3 O Jesus, my Saviour, with thee I am blest! My life and salvation, my joy and my rest!

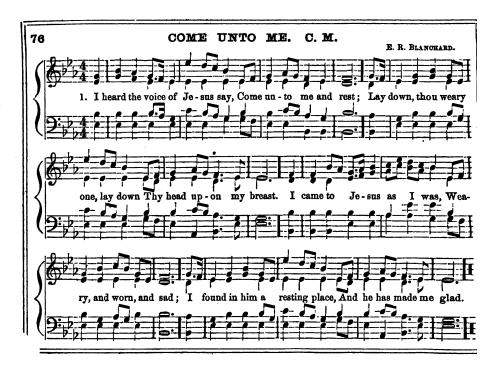
Thy name be my theme, and thy love be my

4 O, who's like my Saviour? He's Salem's bright King;
He smiles, and he loves me, and learns me to sing:

I'll praise him, I'll praise him, with notes loud and shrill,

While rivers of pleasure my spirit doth fill.





SELECTED HYMNS.

85 Come unto me. C. M.

2 I heard the voice of Jesus say, Behold, I freely give The living water; thirsty one, Stoop down and drink, and live. I came to Jesus, and I drank Of that life-giving stream; My thirst was quenched, my soul revived, And now I live in him.

3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
I am this dark world's light;
Look unto me, thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright.
I looked to Jesus, and I found
In him my Star, my Sun;
And in that light of life I'll walk
'Till travelling days are done.

86 My Mother's Bible. c. m.

1 This book is all that's left me now:
Tears will unbidden start;—
With faltering lip and throbbing brow
I press it to my heart.
For many generations past,
Here is our family tree;
My mother's hand this Bible clasped—
She, dying, gave it me.

2 Ah, well do I remember those
Whose names these records bear—
Who round the hearth-stone used to close,
After the evening prayer,—
And speak of what these pages said,
In tones my heart would thrill:
Though they are with the silent dead,
Here are they living still.

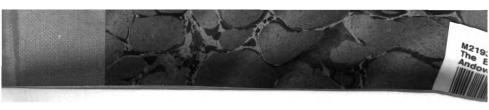
3 My father read this holy Book
To brothers, sisters dear;
How calm was my poor mother's look,
Who leaned God's Word to hear.
Her angel face—I see it yet;
What thronging memories come!
Again that little group is met
Within the halls of home.

4 Thou truest friend man ever knew,
Thy constancy I've tried;
Where all were false I've found thee true,
My counselor and guide!
The mines of earth no treasure give
That could this volume buy;
In teaching me the way to live,
It taught me how to die.



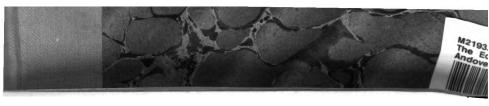
The special interest of these lines arises from the circumstance that the author, a young man, since dead, was insane on every point except that of religion, on which he continued to the last thoroughly sound and intelligent. 1. Where'er we meet, you always say, What's the news? what's the news? O, I have got good news to tell! Pray, what's the order of the day, What's the news? what's the news? I have got good news to tell! My Saviour hath done all things well, And triumphed over death and hell, That's the news! That's the news! 2. His work's reviving all around; That's the news! that's the news! And many have redemption found; The Lord has pardoned all my sin; That's the news! that's the news! I feel the witness now within;

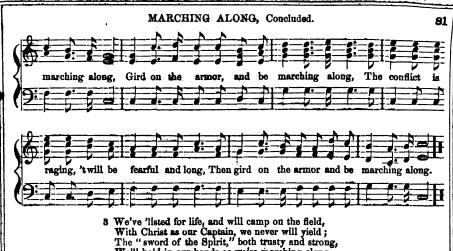
- 2. His work's reviving all around;
 That's the news! that's the news!
 And many have redemption found;
 That's the news! that's the news!
 And since their souls have caught the flame,
 They shout hosanna to his name,
 And all around they spread his fame;
 That's the news! that's the news!
- The Lord has pardoned all my sin;
 That's the news! that's the news!
 I feel the witness now within;
 That's the news! that's the news!
 And since he took my sins away,
 And taught me how to watch and pray,
 I'm happy now from day to day;
 That's the news! that's the news!











With Christ as our Captain, we never will yield; The "sword of the Spirit," both trusty and strong, We'll hold in our hands as we're marching along. Marching along, &c.

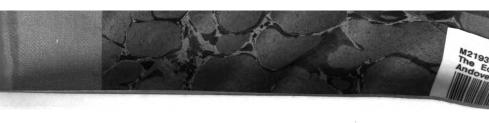
4 Through conflicts and trials our growns we must win, For here we contend 'gainst temptation and sin; But one thing assures us, we cannot go wrong, If trusting our Saviour, while marching along. Marching along, &c.

[6]





- 2 As the winged arrow flies,
 Speedily the mark to find;
 As the lightning from the skies
 Darts, and leaves no trace behind;
 Swiftly thus our fleeting days
 Bear us down life's rapid stream:
 Upward, Lord, our spirits raise;
 All below is but a dream.
- 3 Thanks for mercies past receive;
 Pardon of our sins renew;
 Teach us, henceforth, how to live,
 With eternity in view;
 Bless thy word to old and young;
 Fill us with a Saviour's love;
 When our life's short race is run,
 May we dwell with thee above.



SELECTED HYMNS. Tune, "Benevento."

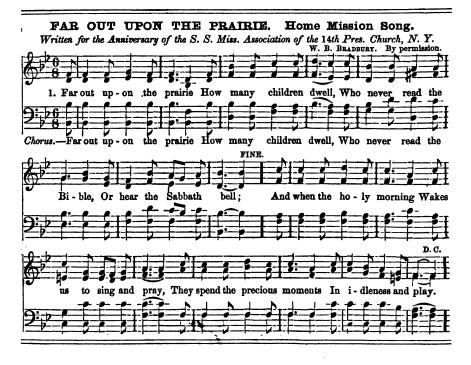
- 91 The blood-washed Throng.
 - 1 Who are these in bright array?
 This innumerable throng,
 Round the altar, night and day,
 Tuning their triumphant song?
 "Worthy is the Lamb, once slain,
 Blessing, honor, glory, power,
 Wisdom, riches, to obtain,
 New dominion every hour."
 - 2 These through fiery trials trod,
 These from great affliction came;
 Now, before the throne of God,
 Sealed with his eternal name,
 Clad in raiment pure and white,
 Victor palms in every hand,
 Through their great Redeemer's might
 More than conquerors they stand.
 - 3 Hunger, thirst, disease unknown, On immortal fruits they feed; Them the Lamb, amid the throne, Shall to living fountains lead: Joy and gladness banish sighs, Perfect love dispels their fears; And forever from their eyes God shall wipe away their tears.
- Ohildren at the Gate of Heaven.
 Little trav'lers, Zionward,
 Each one entering into rest,
 In the kingdom of your Lord,

In the mansions of the blest; There, to welcome, Jesus waits, Gives the crowns his followers win— Lift your heads, ye golden gates! Let the little tray'lers in!

- 2 Who are they whose little feet, Pacing life's dark journey through, Now have reached that heavenly seat They had ever kept in view?
 - "I from Greenland's frozen land;"
 "I from India's sultry plain;"
 "I from Afric's barren sand;"
 "I from islands of the main."
- 3 "All our earthly journey past,
 Every tear and pain gone by,
 Here together met at last,
 At the portal of the sky!
 Each the welcome 'Come' awaits,
 Conquerors over death and sin!"
 Lift your heads, ye golden gates!
 Let the little tray'lers in!
- 93 Duties of the Sabbath. 78.

 This is God's most holy day;
 We must neither work nor play;
 But we'll try to pray and sing,
 And to serve our heavenly King.
 O, 't is pleasant now to go
 To our Saviour's house below;
 And we hope to sing and love
 In our Saviour's house above.





M2193.D The Eol

- 2 For they have no kind pastor,
 Whose loving words have told
 Of Jesus, the good Shepherd,
 And called them to his fold;
 No Sabbath School inviting
 Its pleasant doors within,
 No teacher's voice entreating
 To leave the way of sin. Chorus.
- 3 I wish that I could tell them
 How Jesus came to die,
 When he for little children
 Left his bright throne on high;
 And all the sad, sad story
 Of sorrow which he bore,
 When for his crown of glory
 A crown of thorns he wore.
- 4 And so each morn and evening,
 Whene'er I kneel in prayer,
 I'll ask the gracious Saviour
 To send his gospel there;
 That in the glorious city
 In which he dwells above,
 We all may sing together
 Of his redeeming love. Cho.

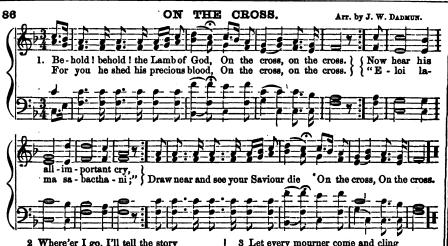
95 Millennium Song. 7s & 6s.

1 Rejoice, all ye believers,
And let your lights appear;
The evening is advancing.

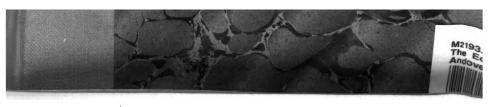
And midnight now is near;
The Bridegroom is arising,
And soon he draweth nigh;
Up, up, and watch, and wrestle,
At midnight comes the cry.
CHORUS.—Rejoice, &c.

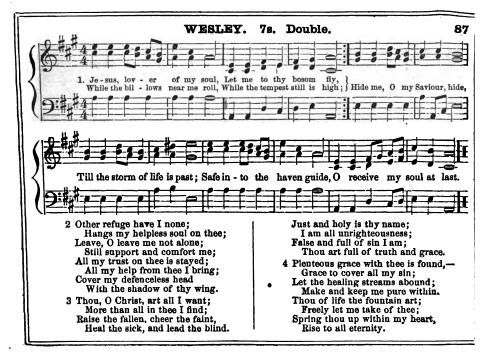
- 2 See that your lamps are burning, Replenish them with oil, And wait for your salvation— The end of earthly toil. The watchers on the mountain Proclaim the Bridegroom near; Go meet him, as he cometh, With hallelujahs clear.
- 3 Ye saints, who here in patience
 Your cross and sufferings bore,
 Shall live and reign forever,
 When sorrow is no more.
 Around the throne of glory,
 The Lamb ye shall behold
 In triumph cast before Him
 Your diadems of gold.
- 4 Our Hope and Expectation,
 O Jesus! now appear;
 Arise, thou Sun, so longed for,
 O'er this benighted sphere!
 With hearts and hands uplifted,
 We plead, O Lord, to see
 The day of earth's redemption
 That brings us unto thee.





- 2 Where'er I go, I'll tell the story
 Of the cross, of the cross;
 In nothing else my soul shall glory,
 Save the cross, save the cross.
 Yes, this my constant theme shall be,
 Through time and in eternity,
 That Jesus suffered death for me
 On the cross, on the cross.
- 3 Let every mourner come and cling
 To the cross, to the cross;
 Let every Christian come and sing,
 Round the cross, round the cross.
 Here let the preacher take his stand,
 And with the Bible in his hand,
 Proclaim the triumphs of the Lamb,
 On the cross, on the cross.

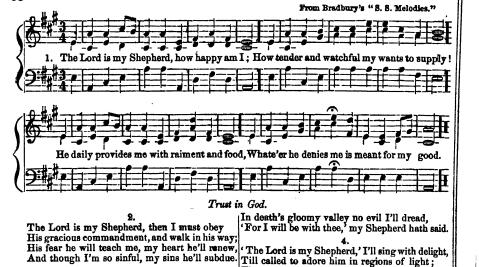






"THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD."

38



I'm blest while I live, and I'm blest when I die; And ever and ever his glory behold.

gold,

The Lord is my Shepherd, how happy am I!

Then praise him, with angels, to bright harps of

1 I would not live alway! I ask not to stay Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way: The few lurid mornings that dawn on us here Are enough for life's wees-full enough for its cheer.

- 2 I would not live alway, thus fettered by sin! Temptation without and corruption within! E'en the rapture of pardon is mingled with fears, And the cup of thanksgiving with penitent tears.
- 3 I would not live alway; no, welcome the tomb! Since Jesus has lain there I dread not its gloom; There sweet be my rest till he bid me arise, To hail him in triumph descending the skies.
- 4 Who, who would live alway, away from his God, Away from you heaven, that blissful abode, Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains.

And the noontide of glory eternally reigns;

5 Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet, Their Saviour and brethren transported to greet; While the anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,

100 Jesus in the Garden. 11a.

Thou sweet gliding Kedron, by thy silver stream. Our Saviour would linger in moonlight's soft beam:

And by thy bright waters till midnight would stay. And lose in thy murmurs the toils of the day.

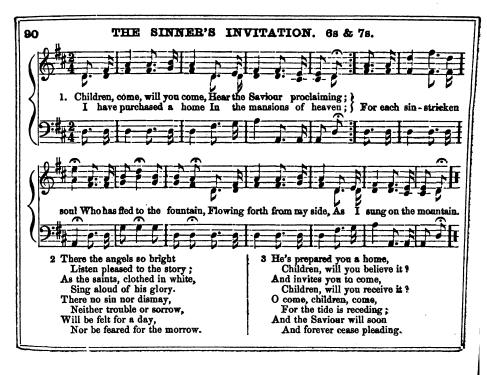
- 2 How damp were the vapors that fell on his head: How hard was his pillow, how humble his bed: The angels beholding, amazed at the sight, Attended their Master with solemn delight.
- 3 O garden of Olives, thou dear honored spot. The fame of thy wonders shall ne'er be forgot: The theme most transporting to scraphs above. The triumph of sorrow, the triumph of love.
- 4 Come, saints, and adore him; come, bow at his feet:

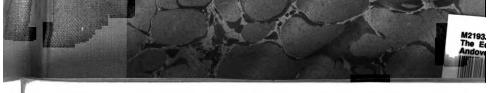
O give him the glory, the praise that is meet: Let joyful hosannas unceasing arise, And join the full chorus that gladdens the skies.

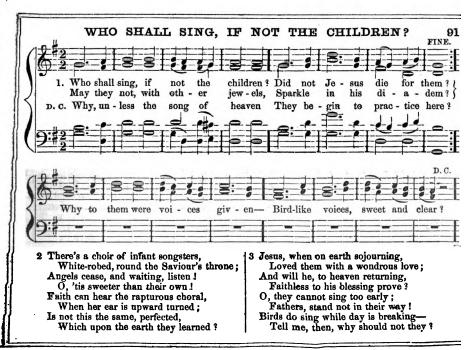
DOXOLOGY.

O Father Almighty, to thee be addressed. With Christ and the Spirit, one God, ever blest. All glory and worship from earth and from heaven. And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul. As was, and is now, and shall ever be given.













e Eoli

103 The Loving Saviour.

- 2 But I have felt thee in my thoughts, Rebuking sin for me; And, when my heart loves God, I know The sweetness is from thee. And when, dear Saviour, I kneel down, Moraing and night, to prayer, Something there is within my heart Which tells me thou art there.
- 3 Yes! when I pray, thou prayest too— Thy prayer is all for me; But when I sleep, thou sleepest not, But watchest patiently.
 Dear Jesus, ever at my side, How loving must thou be,
 To leave thy home in heaven, to guard
 A little child like me.

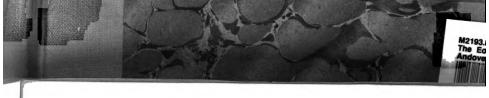
104 O come, let us worship. C. M.

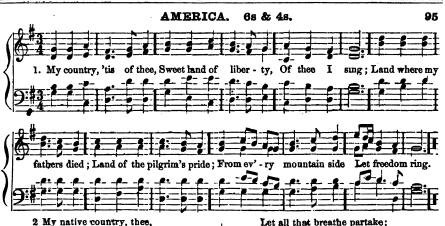
- Come, let us join the hosts above, Now in our youthful days;
 Remember our Creator's love, And lisp our Father's praise.
- 2 His majesty will not despise The day of feeble things; Grateful the songs of children rise, And please the King of kings.

- 3 He loves to be remembered thus, And honored for his grace; Out of the mouths of babes like us His wisdom perfects praise.
- 4 Glory to God, and praise, and power, Honor and thanks be given! Children and cherubim adore The Lord of earth and heaven.
- 105 Light and glory of the sacred page. c. m.
 - What glory gilds the sacred page 1
 Majestic, like the sun;
 It gives a light to every age;
 It gives, but borrows none.
 - 2 The power that gave it still supplies The gracious light and heat; Its truths upon the nations rise; They rise, but never set.
 - 3 Lord I everlasting thanks be thine For such a bright display, As makes a world of darkness shine With beams of heavenly day.
 - 4 Our souls rejoicingly pursue
 The steps of Him we love,
 Till glory break upon our view
 In brighter worlds above.









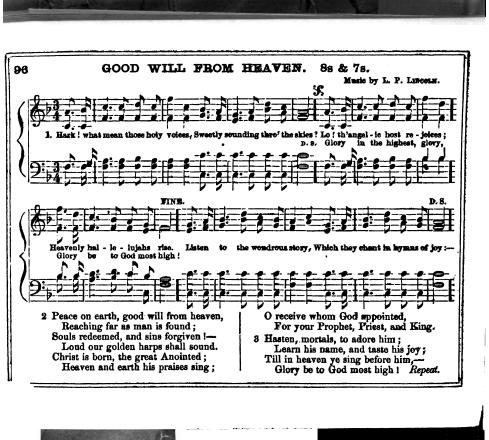
2 My native country, thee,
Land of the noble free,
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

3 Let music swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees Sweet freedom's song; Let mortal tongues awake; The sound prolong.

4 Our fathers' God, to thee,
Author of liberty,
To thee we sing:

Long may our land be bright With freedom's holy light; Protect us by thy might, Great God, our King.

Let rocks their silence break-





109 The Sabbath Bell. 8s & 7s.

1 When the Sabbath bell is ringing,
Let us come without delay;
And unite with thousands singing,
In their Sunday-schools to-day.
These are happy hours of meeting,
When we hear the voice of prayer;
But these hours are short and fleeting:
Let us then be early there.

2 We shall keep our teachers waiting, If we tarry by the way; Or disturb the school reciting, On this holy Sabbath day. Here the blessed gospel shows us All its precious stores of truth; And the Holy Spirit woos us From transgression in our youth.

3 When the Sabbath bell is ringing, Let us to the school repair, That we may unite in singing, And together kneel in prayer. Repeat.

110 Jesus our strength. 8s & 7s.

1 Jesus, Lord of life and glory,
Friend of children, hear our lays;
Humbly would our souls adore thee,
Sing thy name in hymns of praise.
O, what debtors to thy kindness
Are we, God of boundless love!

Thousands wander on in blindness, Strangers to the light above.

2 Jesus, on thine arm relying, We would tread this earthly vale; Be our life when we are dying; Be our strength, when strength shall fail. Let us mount the hills of glory, Far from sins, and woes, and pains; There, in perfect songs, adore thee, And in everlasting strains.

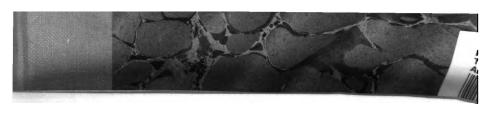
111 The dying Christian. 8s & 7s.

1 Happy soul, thy days are ending,
All thy mourning days below;
Go,—the angel guards attending,—
To the sight of Jesus go.
Waiting to receive thy spirit,
Lo! the Saviour stands above;
Shows the purchase of his merit,
Reaches out the crown of love.

2 Struggle through thy latest passion,
To thy great Redeemer's breast;
To his uttermost salvation,
To his everlasting rest.
For the joy he sets before thee,
Bear a momentary pain;
Die, to live a life of glory;
Suffer, with thy Lord to reign.









- 3 No drooping form, no tearful eye,
 No hoary head, no weary sigh,
 No pain, no grief, no care;
 But joys which mortals may not know,
 Like a calm river, ever flow.
 Oh say, will you be there?
- 4 Our Saviour, once as mortal child,
 As mortal man, by man reviled,
 There many crowns doth wear;
 While thousand thousands swell the strain
 Of glory to the Lamb once slain!
 Oh say, will you be there?
- 5 Who shall be there? The lowly here—All those who serve the Lord in fear, The world's proud mockery dare; Who, by the Holy Spirit led, Rejoice the narrow path to tread:—These, these shall all be there!
- 6 Will you be there? You shall, you must, If, hating sin, in Christ you trust, Who did that place prepare. Still doth his voice sound sweetly, "Come! I am the way—I'll lead you home—With me, you shall be there!"





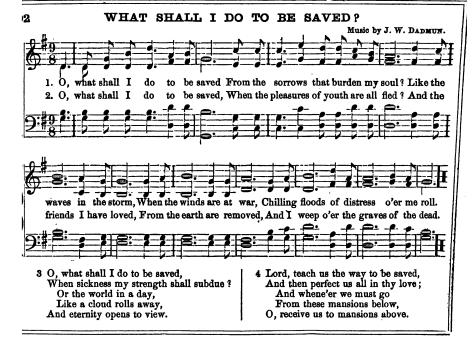
- The Benediction. 68 & 48. 115
 - 1 Go! 'tis thy Country's cause, Who, to uphold her laws, Beckons each son; Loval in treason's spite, Firm to maintain the right, Thus must be fought the fight, The victory won.
 - 2 Go! and may God above, Ruling the earth with love, Be now thy stay-Save thee from every sin, Send thee His peace within, E'en through the battle's din, And the wild fray.
 - 3 Stand where thy fathers stood, Mingle with theirs thy blood, Freedom's red wine: Calm be thy sleep and sweet, When, for thy winding-sheet, The flag to-day we greet, Round thee shall twine.
 - 4 Flag of our native land! Unforn by treason's hand, Thy stripes shall wave; Undimmed thy stars shall shine,

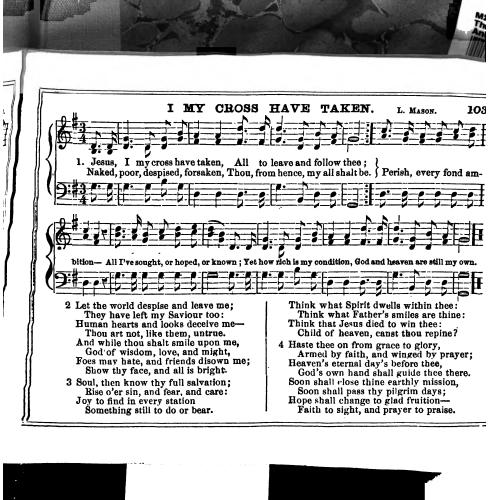
While Faith and Love combine, And at thy holy shrine Offer the brave.

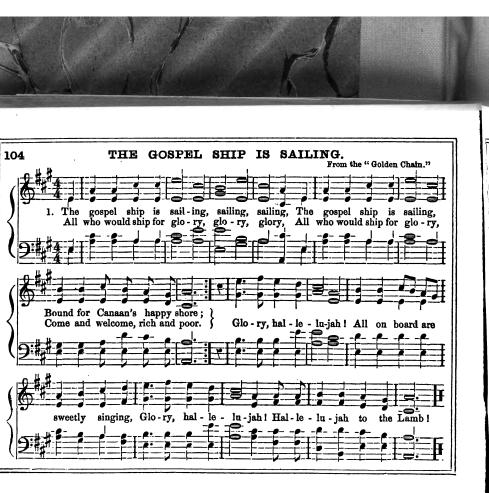
- 116 Flag of our fathers. 68 & 49.
 - 1 Here, where our fathers came Bearing the holy flame To light our days,-Here, where with faith and prayer They reared these walls in air, Now to the heavens so fair Their flag we raise,
 - 2 Look ye, where free it waves Over their hallowed graves! Blessing their sleep; Now pledge your heart and hand, Sons of a noble land. Round this bright flag to stand, Till death to keep!
 - 3 God of our fathers! now To thee we raise our vow-Judge and defend: Let Freedom's banner wave Till there be not a slave; Show thyself strong to save, Unto the end.

Mrs. H. B. Stowe.









SELECTED HYMNS.

119 Gospel Ship.

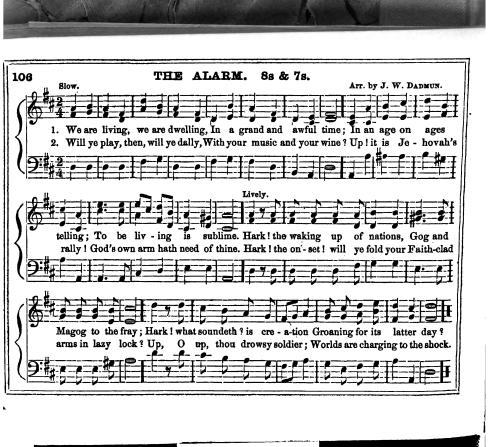
- 2 She has landed many thousands,
 Thousands, thousands,
 She has landed many thousands
 On fair Canaan's happy shore;
 And thousands now are sailing,
 Sailing, sailing,
 And thousands now are sailing,
 Yet there's room for thousands more.
 CHORUS.—Glory, hallelujah, &c.
- 3 Sails filled with heavenly breezes,
 Breezes, breezes,
 Sails filled with heavenly breezes,
 Swiftly glides the ship along;
 Her company are singing,
 Singing, singing,
 Her company are singing,
 Glory, glory is their song. Cho.
- 4 Take passage now for glory,
 Glory, glory,
 Take passage now for glory,
 Sailing o'er life's troubled sea;
 With us you shall be happy,
 Happy, happy,
 With us you shall be happy,
 Happy through eternity. Cho.

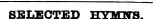
- 120 Soldier's Funeral Hymn. 7s.
 Tune—" Pleyel's Hymn."
 - Mourn not that his kin are far, While we lay him in the grave;
 For his fellow soldiers are Loving brothers of the brave.
 - 2 And his tender mother here Shrouds her son i' the banner, thus; 'Tis his country, loved so dear— Mother, too, of all of us.
 - 3 Sleeping soft, the soldier lies Calmly, in his bed of blood; Where, a living sacrifice, He his body gave to God!
 - 4 By salvation's Captain led, In the army of the Lord, Battle fields a dying bed Soft and glorious afford.
 - 5 There, amid the rage of strife, Clash and roar of conflict grim, While to God he gives his life, In the storm, is calm to him.
 - 6 Now, let martial music sound!

 Beat the dead march for the brave!

 Lower him gently in the ground!

 Fire a volley o'er the grave!





121 The Alarm.

Worlds are charging, heaven beholding!
Thou hast but an hour to fight;
Now the blazoned cross unfolding,
On—right onward, for the right.
On! let all the soul within you
For the truth's sake go abroad;
Strike! let every nerve and sinew
Tell on ages—tell for God!

122 What of the night? 88 & 78.

1 Watchman, on the tower! tell us
If the morning seems to dawn;
Hearts are aching for such tidings;
Dost thou see the signs of morn?
Or, if still the darkness broodeth,
Tell us what the gloom portends,
What the fate our land awaiting,
Wheresoe'er the night extends?

2 What—O watchman! haste to tell us, What descriest thou to-night? Are the stars 'tween storm-clouds gleaming? Will the moon soon beam forth bright? Through the mists of sad disunion Comes there not one cheering ray? Rises there no morning planet As the herald of the day? 3 "Querist! on the watch-tower standing, O'er the land no light I spy, Save the beacon faintly glimmering From the Gospel turret high: Not a star is in the heavens Save the Star of Bethlehem, Faintly twinkling in the distance, Like a ray from tiny gem.

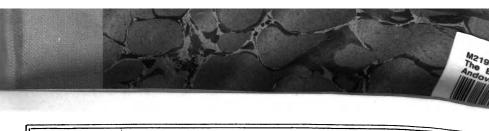
4 Higher Bethlehem's star is rising—
"Tis the herald of the morn;
With its steady light advancing,
Comes the blessed hour of dawn.
Then the warriors from the turret
Forth to battle-fields shall go,
Waving Freedom's starry banner,
Bravely meeting every foe.

5 With the light must come the conflict;
Truth with error must contend;
But while Jacob's God is watching,
Truth must triumph in the end;
And with Bethlehem's star, in beauty,
Will the star of Freedom shine;
And, the rage of conflict ending,
Peace with happiness shall twine.

Mrs. J. H. Hanaford.







SELECTED HYMNS.

123 Triumph of the Bible.

2 The Bible! the Bible! blest volume of truth, How sweetly it smiles on the season of youth! It bids us seek early the pearl of great price, Ere th' heart is enslaved in the bondage of vice.

- 3 The Bible! the Bible! we hail it with joy; Its truths and its glories our tongnes shall employ; We'll sing of its triumphs, we'll tell of its worth, And send its glad tidings afar o'er the earth.
- 4 The Bible! the Bible! the valleys shall ring, And hill-tops re-echo the notes that we sing; Our banners, inscribed with its precepts and rules Shall long wave in triumph, the joy of our schools.

124 The Light-Ship. 118.

The Light-Ship! how welcome the beacon to me, When wild was the tempest, and dark was the sea; It soothed my sad spirit's tumultuous fear, And told me the haven I longed for was near.

- 2 How blest was the beacon! how lovely it seemed, As its watch-fires of crimson unceasingly gleamed! Sweet assurance of safety in moments of calm, And in seasons of peril a safeguard from harm.
- 3 O, would that while sailing on life's stormy sea,
 The Star of Religion my beacon might be,
 To warn me of danger, to soothe me in fear,
 And tell me the haven I long for is near.

125 How sweet is the Sabbath. 11s.

1 How sweet is the Sabbath, the morning of rest, The day of the week which I ought to love best; The morning the Saviour arose from the tomb, And took from the grave all its terror and gloom.

- 2 O let me be thoughtful and prayerful to-day, And not spend a moment in trifling or play; Remembering these seasons were graciously given To teach me to seek, and prepare me for, heaven.
- 3 In the house of my God, in his presence and fear,
 While I worship to-day may my heart be sincere;
 In the school while I learn, may I listen with care,
 And be grateful to those who watch over me there.
- 4 Instruct me, my Saviour, for thine would I be,
 Nor am I too young to be noticed by thee;
 Renew all my heart, keep me firm in thy ways,
 I would love thee, and serve thee, and give thee
 the praise.

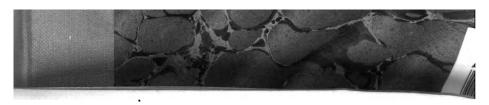
126 The Lord's Prayer. 11s.

1 Our Father in heaven, we hallow thy name; May thy kingdom holy, on earth be the same; O, give to us daily our portion of bread; It is from thy bounty that all must be fed.

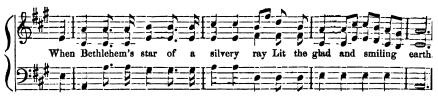
2 Forgive our transgressions, and teach us to know That humble compassion which pardons each foe; Keep us from temptation, from weakness and sin, And thine be the glory forever, Amen.











- 127 Hark! to the Christmas bells.
 - 2 They tell of the manger's lowly bed,
 Where the holy Babe was found,—
 Where the straw alone upheld his head
 From the cold and hoof-trod ground.
 Poor and humble was the shelter there,
 For our God's anointed Son;
 But bright as the regions of upper air
 Was the glorious meed he won.
 - 3 Descending to give a world of gloom
 A radiance forever bright,
 Then sank to the dark and shrouding tomb,
 That all might live in light.
 Then let every young and grateful voice
 In this Sabbath School arise;
 And let every heart in his praise rejoice
 Till it reaches the vaulted skies.

 Mrs. Esling.

- 128 Importance of the Bible to the Young.
 Tune, "Cross and Crown." O. M.
 - 1 How shall the young secure their hearts,
 And guard their lives from sin?
 Thy word the choicest rules imparts
 To keep the conscience clean.
 - 2 'Tis like the sun, a heavenly light, That guides us all the day, And through the dangers of the night, A lamp to lead our way.
 - 3 Thy precepts make us truly wise;
 We hate the sinner's road:
 We hate our own vain thoughts that rise
 But love thy law, O God!
 - 4 Thy word is everlasting truth:
 How pure is every page!
 That holy book shall guide our youth,
 And well support our age.



STAR-SPANGLED BANNER, Concluded.

2 On the shore dimly seen through the mists of the deep, Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes, What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep, As it fifully blows, half conceals, half discloses? Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam, In full glory reflected now shines in the stream. 'Tis the star-spangled banner; O, long may it wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

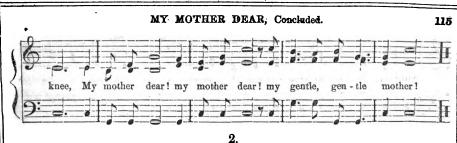
3 And where is that band, who so vauntingly swore,
 That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion,
 A home and a country should leave us no more?
 Their blood has washed out their foul footstep's pollution.
 No refuge can save the hireling and slave,
 From the terror of flight, or the gloom of the grave;
 And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
 O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

4 O thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand
Between their loved homes and the war's desolation;
Blest with victory and peace, may the heaven-rescued land
Praise the power that hath made and preserved us a nation.
Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
And this be our motto—"In God is our trust—"
And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

[8]







When fairy tales were ended, "good night," she softly said, And kissed and laid me down to sleep within my tiny bed; And holy words she taught me there, methinks I yet can see Her angel eyes, as close I knelt beside my mother's knee.

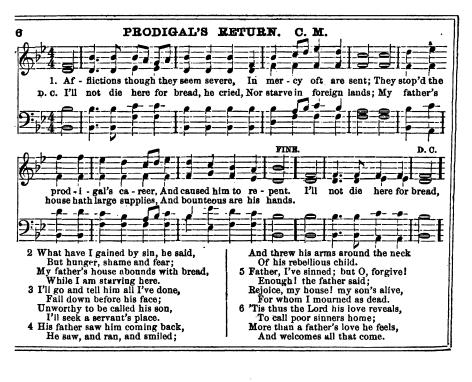
O, mother dear! O, mother dear!

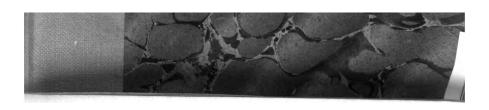
3.

In the sickness of my childhood, the perils of my prime,
The sorrows of my riper years, the cares of every time,
When doubt or danger weighed me down, then pleading all for me,
It was a fervent prayer to heaven that bent my mother's knee.
My mother dear! my mother dear!

My mother dear! my mother dear! My gentle, gentle mother!

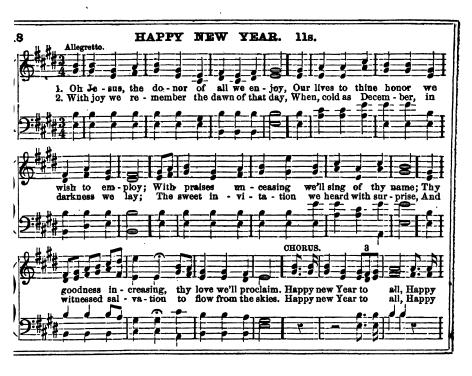


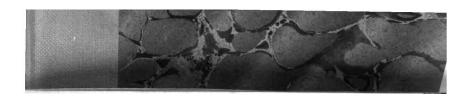














134

The great Donor.

3 The wonderful name of our Jesus we'll sing, And publish the name of our Captain and King; With sweet exultation his goodness we prove; His name is salvation, his nature is love.

- 4 We now are enlisted in Jesus's cause, Divinely assisted to conquer our foes: His grace will support us till conflicts are o'er, He then will escort us to Zion's bright shore.
- 5 And when to the regions of glory we rise, And join the bright legions, and shout through the skies,

We'll tell the glad story of Jesus's grace, And give him the glory, the honor, and praise.

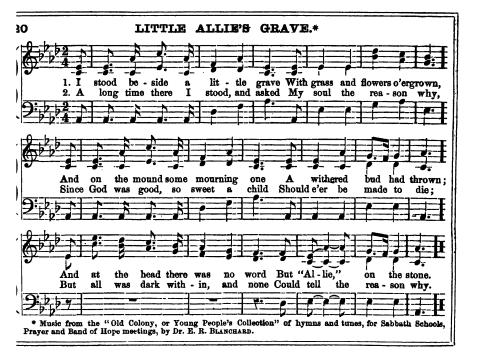
6 In this blest enjoyment our spirits shall rest In sweetest enjoyment on Jesus's breast; To drink of the streams of Immanuel's love, And bask in the beams of his glory above. 135 Happy Meeting. 11s.

1 We gather, we gather, dear Jesus, to The breathings of love 'mid the blossoms Our Maker, Redeemer, we gratefully re Our hearts and our voices in singing th Cho. Happy meeting to all! happy meet

Happy meeting, happy meeting, happ

2 When stooping to earth from the brighty blood for our ransom so freely was Thou listenest with pleasure, while child With joyful hosannas, the blest of the 3 Those arms which embraced little child Still love to encircle the lambs of the f That grace which inviteth the wandering Hath never forbidden the youngest to c 4 Hosanna! hosanna! great Teacher, Our hearts and our voices in singing the For precept and promise so graciously For blessings of earth and the glories of





M2193. The Eo Andove

3 And then my anxious thought went down
Where little Allie lay;
And asked if she could tell me why
The Lord took her away?

I waited long, but not a word Did little Allie say.

4 At length there came a man; I think
He dropped down from the sky.
"My child," said he, "you want to know
Why God made Allie die?
Come, let me take you in my arms,
And I will tell you why.

5 The Lord perceived that she was loved By deting ones too well; And knew what troubles she would have, If here allowed to dwell; And then he wanted her with him; But more I may not tell."

187 The Flag of the Red, White and Blue.
Additional verses to an old song, by Rev. J. G. Forman.

1 Bless banner of Freedom! thy pinion Floats wide o'er the land and the sea; The emblem of peaceful dominion, Our eyes turn with rapture to thee.

Though war-clouds and dangers are o'er us,
Thy folds are still dear to our view;
With the flag of our country before us,
We march to the Red, White and Blue,
We march to the Red, White and Blue,
We march to the Red, White and Blue,
With the flag of our country before us,
We march to the Red, White and Blue.

2 The glorious ensign ne'er sever,
Let it float in the ether above,
Its stars the bright symbol, forever,
Of Union and Freedom and Love.
May they never grow dim in their shining,
Nor fade from their colors so true,
The stars and the stripes still entwining,
Hurrah for the Red, White and Blue.

3 Though traitors shall meet and dissemble, And armies of rebels shall rise,
Our banner shall cause them to tremble
As it waves in the bright Southern skies;
And millions of patriot voices
Shall the chorus of Freedom renew,
And shout as the nation rejoices,
Hurrah for the Red, White and Blue,
Benton Barracks, St. Louis, Feb., 1862.



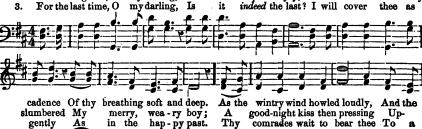
THE HERO'S COVERING. 122 8s & 7s.

Words by Mrs. HOLDEN.

J. W. DADMUN. The venerable mother—nearly if not quite four-score—of one who recently fell brayely leading on his troops in battle, gazed calmly upon the face of her son, after his body was brought home for burial. At last a movement was made by a friend to cover the face. The noble woman put him gently aside, and carefully performing the act herself, said; "My son, I have covered you many times before; now I do it for the last time, and with the flag of your country."



- my darling, With a mother's perfect joy, Round the bed where calmly I have lingered, O
- indeed the last? I will cover it





1 Death shall not destroy my comfort, Christ shall guide me through the gloom;

Down he'll send some heavenly convoy
To convey my spirit home;

Jordan's streams shall ne'er o'erflow me,
While my Saviour's by my side;
Concer Corpor lies before me

Canaan, Canaan lies before me, Soon I'll cross the swelling tide.

2 See the happy spirits waiting On the banks beyond the stream, Sweet responses still repeating, Jesus, Jesus is their theme. See! they whisper; hark! they call me, Sister spirit come away!

Lo! I come! earth can't contain me: Hail, ye realms of endless day! 3 Worlds of light and crowns of glory, Far above you azure sky,

Though by faith I now explore thee,
I'll enjoy you soon on high:
Soon I'll gain a full possession,

Faith and hope shall henceforth cease,
Lost in love's exhaustless ocean,
Love, that sweetest, brightest grace.

4 Smiling angels now surround me, Troops resplendent fill the skies, Glory shining all around me,

While my towering spirit flies; Jesus, clad in dazzling splendor, Now, methinks, appears in view:

Brethren, could you see my Jesus, You would serve and love him too.



The Eolian Andover-Har

140 Home at last.

From an earthly shore,

2 The pure in heart! the pure in heart! Robed in spotless white, Are here with starry crowns of joy, All gloriously bright. Some I loved so long ago, Who left me sad and lone. I meet among the heavenly host, Within our Father's home. Home at last! home at last!

For O. I've joined the ransomed ones Who passed on long before. Safe at home! safe at home!

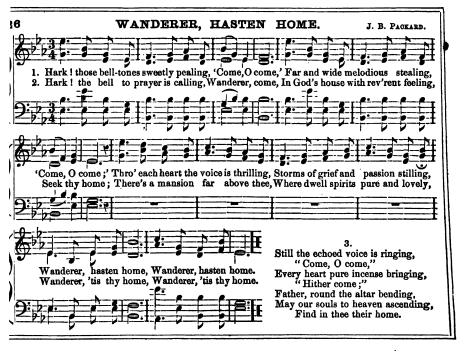
O, let the echo go, To soothe the hearts that mourn me yet, In that first home below. His dear arms are round me now, Who was for sinners slain; Through him I've won eternal life; For me to die was gain. Safe at home! safe at home! From an earthly shore: I'll bless and praise thee, O my God, Forever, evermore.

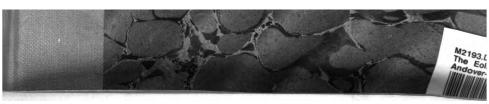
141

Met again.

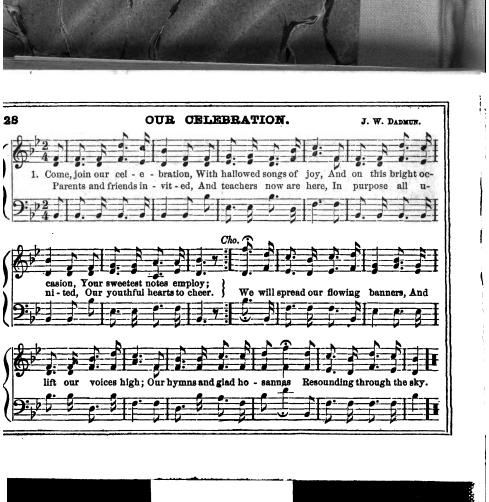
- Met again, met again, In this loved retreat; And O, it fills our souls with joy. Our loved ones here to greet: Here friendship beams from every eye. And smiles on every face; There's naught on earth can break the tie That binds us to this place.
 - 2 Trusting hearts, trusting hearts, Here each other greet; And O, beside our happy home. There's not a place so sweet. The pride of wealth, the pride of birth. We keep without our door: Receive the humblest son of earth,-If true,-we ask no more.
 - 3 Friendship sweet, friendship sweet. Lingers around the place: And on each heart 'tis graved in lines That time cannot efface. . We meet in peace, we work in love, And for each other care: And unto Him who rules above, Lift up our voice in prayer.

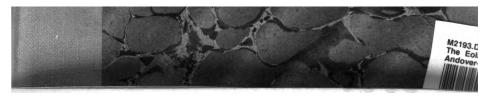












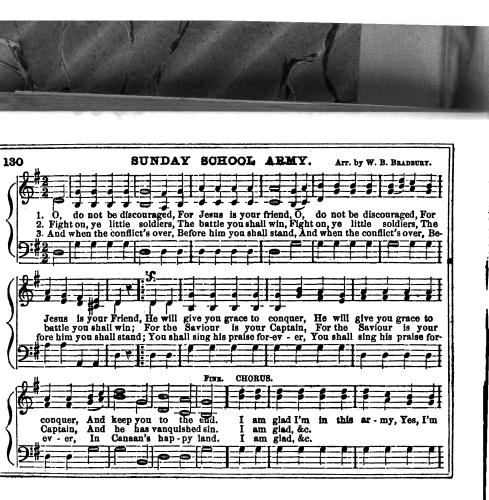
SELECTED HYMNS.

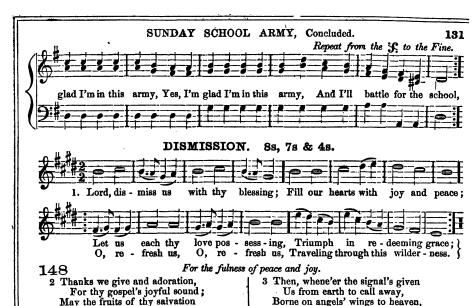
145 Our Celebration.

- 2 Thanks to the God of heaven,
 Kind guardian of our race,
 For all the favors given
 Beneath his smiling face;
 For health, and strength, and reason,
 And friendship unalloyed,
 And every pleasant season
 In Sunday Schools enjoyed.
- 3 Thanks for the kind protection God's arm has thrown around, And for that sweet affection He causes to abound In those who're watching o'er us, With many an anxious sigh, And seeking to restore us To peace and heavenly joy.
- 4 May God with many a blessing Reward their toil and care, And hear them while addressing His throne in fervent prayer; And may his love constraining, Our youthful spirits bow; And grace forever reigning, Our inmost souls endow.

146 Shall we only render words.

- When, his salvation bringing,
 To Zion Jesus came,
 The children all stood singing
 Hosanna to his name.
 Nor did their zeal offend him;
 But, as he rode along,
 He let them still attend him,
 And smiled to hear their song.
- 2 And since the Lord retaineth
 His love for children still;
 Though now as King he reigneth
 On Zion's heavenly hill;
 We'll flock around his banner,
 Who sits upon his throne,
 And cry aloud, "Hosanna
 To David's royal Son."
- 3 For should we fail proclaiming Our great Redeemer's praise; The stones, our silence shaming, Might well hosanna raise. But shall we only render The tribute of our words? No! while our hearts are tender, They, too, shall be the Lord's.





Glad the summons to obey-

Reign with Christ in endless day.

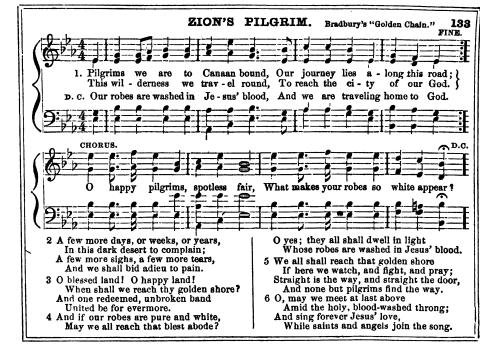
May we ever

In our hearts and lives abound:

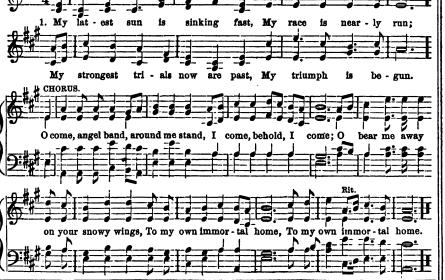
May thy presence

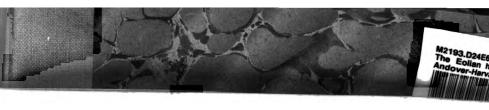
With us evermore be found.

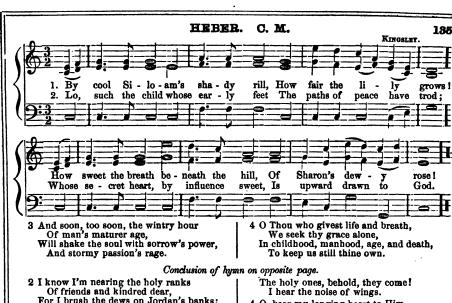












For I brush the dews on Jordan's banks: The crossing must be near.

3 I've almost gained my heavenly home, My spirit loudly sings;

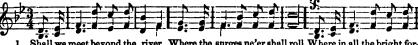
4 O, bear my longing heart to Him Who bled and died for me: Whose blood now cleanses from all sin, And gives me victory. Rev. J. Hascall.



136

SHALL WE MEET? 8s & 7s.

From "Star of the East," by permission of RUSSELL & PATER.

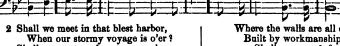


1. Shall we meet beyond the river, Where the surges ne'er shall roll, Where in all the bright for-D. s. Shall we meet beyond the





river. Where the surges ne'er shall roll?



Shall we meet, and cast our anchor By the fair celestial shore? Shall we meet? &c.

8 Shall we meet in yonder city, Where the towers of crystal shine, Where the walls are all of jasper, Built by workmanship divine. Shall we meet? &c.

4 Where the music of the ransomed. Rolls its harmony around. And creation swells the chorus. With its sweet, melodious sound, Shall we meet? &c.

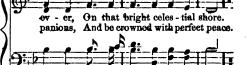


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2. Yes, we'll meet, in yonder mansions, Where our wanderings all shall cease, There we'll meet our dear com-



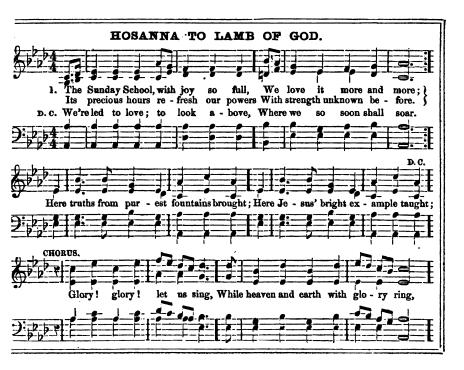


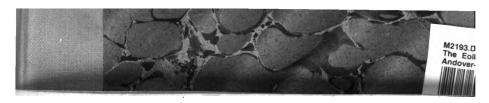
- Sweeter far than rest can be: And before the throne eternal All our earthly triumphs see.
- 4 Yes, we'll meet, where all is onward, Every change new glories bring; And the host still moving forward, Glorify our heavenly King.

Conclusion of hymn on opposite page.

- 5 Shall we meet with many a loved one, That was torn from our embrace? Shall we listen to their voices, And behold them face to face ? Shall we meet? &c.
- 6 Shall we meet with Christ our Saviour. When he comes to claim his own? Shall we know his blessed favor. And sit down upon his throne? Shall we meet? &c.









- 2 Our teachers true, we turn to you, As guides beloved and kind; In youth and age, on memory's page, Our thanks shall stand enshrined. And when 'mid life's gay scenes we stray, Where duties call, where passions play, Your counsels wise shall ever rise Like guards around the mind.
- 3 Our Pastor kind, we're e'er inclined
 To hear your gladsome voice;
 And fondly cling to truths you bring;
 They make our hearts rejoice.
 And when these youthful days are past,
 To riper joys and scenes we'll haste;
 We'll gather where the good appear,
 And make their ways our choice.
- 156 Happy New Year. c. m.
 1 The old, old year hath passed away,
 And now the morning's sun
 Shines brightly in our Sabbath School,

Saying, "The New Year's come!"
We meet with prayers and praises,
Upon this New Year's day;
"A bright New Year—a happy year,
To one and all," we say.

- 2 O, let this be a happy year,—
 Happy at home, abroad;
 Obedient, gentle, kind to all,
 As children of our God;
 Loving thy neighbor as thyself;
 To friends and playmates dear;
 Serving the Lord with heart and soul,—
 Walking in holy fear.
- 3 God sends his sun,—He sends his showers He sends his heavenly grace;
 O, seek the Lord,—He may be found,—O, humbly seek his face.
 Give Him your heart, now in your youth;
 Come to Him, while you may;
 Resolve at once to serve the Lord,—Begin this New Year's Day.

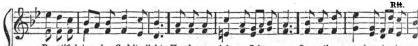
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Beautiful temple-God its light; He who was slain on Calva - ry, Opens those pearly gates to me. Beautiful harps through all the choir; There shall I join the chorus sweet, Worshiping at the Saviour's feet



- 8 Beautiful crowns on every brow, Beautiful palms the conquerors show, Beantiful robes the ransomed wear. Beautiful all who enter there; Thither I press with eager feet, There shall my rest be long and sweet.
- 4 Beautiful throne of Christ our King, Beautiful songs the angels sing; Beautiful rest, all wanderings cease, Beautiful home of perfect peace; There shall my eyes the Saviour see; Haste to this heavenly home with me.



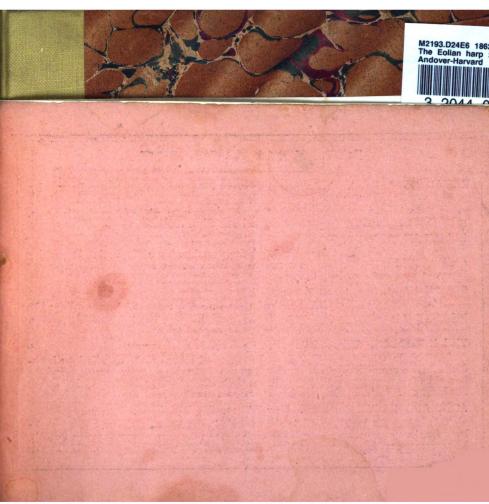
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The Labor	Park Kark	STANCTURE.		

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